Tales From The Block, Series

short hood stories (urban fiction)

UNFILTERED

(ages 18 and up)

recommended

parental discretion is advised

adult themes.

Four short bonus stories

bob-z

nelly-j

lea phone

kdog

NEW VERSION OF THE STORY

REMASTERED LARGE PRINT

143 pg. novella

LARGE PRINT BOOK (18) FONT

Short epic hood story compilations

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The return of nookie Peterson

UNFILTERED

Byron sat wildly on the old, worn out sofa in the, small cramped living room of his apartment, a shabby sardine can of a bachelor pad ,customized for a street king , a place that felt both comforting and unsettling at the same time, he had many haters and lovers alike, many many men wished death upon him. 'man I wish they would get it over here already, I'm about to be out, in a minute, I don't have all day" He said drunk with half bottle of grey-goose. The phone rang loudly shaking the glass coffee table.

Byron, a tall, lean Black guy with a neatly trimmed beard, paced back and forth on his porch, phone glued to his ear. "Aight, K-Dog, listen up, man. Nookie comin' home next week, straight outta the bing."

K-Dog's voice crackled through the phone, laced with skepticism. "Nookie? Man, you still messin' with her? After all that drama? Byron, my dude, you got a short memory or somethin'?"

Byron sighed, running a hand over his close-cropped hair. "I know, I know, it was a mess. But she done paid her dues, K-Dog. Two years, man. Two years is a long time to think about stuff."

"Think about robbin' another liquor store, maybe," K-Dog retorted, a hint of amusement in his voice. "Come on, B, you remember what went down. She got you caught up in that mess. You lucky you didn't get locked up too."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. But she said she changed, man. She said jail changed her. Said she wants to settle down, get a job, the whole nine yards."

K-Dog snorted. "Settle down? Nookie? That's like sayin' a pitbull gonna start knitting sweaters. Look, B, I'm just

sayin', be careful. Don't let that girl sweet-talk you again."

Byron stopped pacing, leaning against the porch railing. "I hear you, K-Dog. I do. But I gotta give her a chance, right? She my girl. Always been my girl, even with all the crazy stuff."

"Your girl who landed you with community service and a whole lotta headaches," K-Dog reminded him. "But hey, it's your life. Just don't come cryin' to me when she back up to her old tricks."

"I won't, man. I got this. I'm gonna keep my eyes open. No more blind love, you feel me?"

"That's what you said last time," K-Dog chuckled. "But alright, B. I'm here for you, whatever happens. Just promise me you'll think with your head this time, not your... well, you know."

Byron laughed. "Aight, man, I promise. Head first, then... everything else later."

"That's the B I wanna hear. So, what you gonna do when she gets out? Big welcome home party?"

"Nah, nothin' like that. Just gonna pick her up, take her back to my place. Cook her a nice meal. Talk. See where things stand."

"Cook? Byron, you can barely boil water. You gonna burn the house down."

"Hey, I been takin' cookin' lessons from my grandma, aight? I can make a mean mac and cheese now."

K-Dog burst out laughing. "Mac and cheese? That's your romantic welcome home meal? Man, you killin' me."

"Hey, it's comfort food! And I'm addin' some hot dogs, make it fancy."

"Alright, alright, I'm just teasin'. But seriously, B, be careful. Nookie's got a way of makin' you forget all your common sense."

"I know, man. But I'm ready this time. I'm gonna be smart about it. No more crazy schemes, no more shady characters. Just me and her, tryin' to make a normal life."

"Normal? With Nookie? That's a good one, B. You should be a comedian."

"Hey, a guy can dream, right? Look, I gotta go, man. Gotta clean up the place before she gets here. Make it look all nice and respectable."

"Alright, B. Good luck with that. And remember, head first. Don't let her charm you into nothin' you'll regret."

"I won't, K-Dog. I promise. Later, man."

Byron hung up the phone, a mix of excitement and apprehension swirling in his gut. He looked around his

small apartment, suddenly seeing it through Nookie's eyes. It was clean enough, but definitely needed some sprucing up. He sighed and got to work, scrubbing, dusting, and trying to make the place look less like a bachelor pad and more like a home.

The clock on the wall ticked away the seconds, each tick echoing in the silence of the room. It was just past nine, and he glanced at his phone again, hoping for a message that wasn't coming. A gun, a pack of cigarillo raps and a half eaten box of Chinese food filled the table. Empty pizza boxes and barbers, equipment made his living room an unbearable place to sit "it was weak, really, to even considering messing with this chick again, but it was something about nookie he could not resist. He could feel his heart racing as he thought about Nookie, his best friend and ride or die chick, she was toxic in most peoples eyes but he didn't care, he was crazy about nookie. She had just been released from prison early for armed robbery and assault of security guard three years ago , and tonight was the first time they would see each other in months. Byron stared the ceiling fan blankly reminiscing about the good times.He loved her, sometimes he hated her, despite the chaos that always seemed to follow her and her messed up reputation nobody liked nookie not even Nookie. Nookie had

a wild spirit drug habits drinking habits and honestly she was a downright thug, the kind of the thug that wouldn’t live to see thirty years old , however it was that persona that attracted him like a moth to a flame. He was church boy and wannabe thug, but he was always kept in check by his mom lea and his uncle ray. Nookie was always toxic, pulling him into her whirlwind of trouble, leaving a path of uncertainty. Byron had spent many nights pondering if loving someone so unpredictable was worth it, but every time he thought about her, he couldn't shake the feeling that he wanted to be with her again .The door creaked open, and Byron looked up, his heart leaping momentarily. But it was only his mother, Lea, entering with her usual air of concern. ‘hay babe , are you ready, this is what you wanted remember” she said disappointed shaking her head in silent disapproval.

She was in her late fifties, a kind woman with a gentle heart, but there was always a worry etched on her face when it came to Byron. She was his best friend and mentor and single hard working church beast and that’s what she wanted him to be too.“Is it her? Is Nookie coming? ” she asked, hanging her coat on the old hook by the door. Her voice was filled with apprehension.“Not yet,” Byron replied, trying to keep his voice steady. He could see the worry in his mother’s eyes. She didn’t like Nookie. She felt Nookie was bad news, and she had made her feelings clear many times. “But she will be here soon. ”Lea sighed and sat down on the armchair opposite

the sofa. “Do you really think this is a good idea, Byron? She’s just out. Maybe it would be better to give her some space. ”Byron didn’t answer. He knew his mother was just looking out for him, but he honestly believed that Nookie was trying to change. He had seen glimpses of the girl he fell in love with. The memories brought a smile to his face. He remembered the nights they spent laughing together, how she would sing off-key but with such passion, and how she had a way of making every moment feel alive.As the minutes crawled by, the tension in the room thickened. They both sat in silence, their thoughts racing in different directions. Byron wanted to talk about Nookie, but he didn’t want to ignite his mother’s concerns again. Little did he know, Lea was not just sitting quietly; she was practicing a silent prayer that Nookie wouldn’t show up, that Byron would see reason, and that he would let go of the drama that seemed to follow the girl.At precisely nine-thirty, the door swung open again, and this time it was Nookie who stepped in. She stood there for a moment, framed by the dim light from the hallway, her long hair falling over her shoulders, and a slight smile breaking on her face. Byron’s heart soared “Hey, Byron! ” she called out, her voice warm and familiar.“Hey, Nook,” he replied, trying to hide the rush of emotions flooding through him.“Hi, Nookie,” his mother greeted, a hint of disapproval in her tone.Nookie’s smile faltered for a moment as she looked at Lea, but she recovered quickly, stepping further into the

room. “I missed you both,” she said, her eyes darting between them.Byron stood up, moving closer to her. He felt a mix of joy and concern, knowing what she had gone through. “We missed you too,” he said softly.The room filled with a heavy silence as the three of them stood there. Byron wanted to say something, but he didn’t know how to bridge the gap between his mother’s disapproval and Nookie’s attempts to fit in again.Nookie broke the silence, shifting to address Lea. “I hope you don’t mind me dropping in like this. ”Lea shook her head, her expression unreadable. “Just be careful, Nookie. ”“Of course,” Nookie replied, a slight edge in her tone. She turned back to Byron, her eyes sparkling with mischief, just the way he remembered. “I brought us something! ”Byron looked at her in surprise, his curiosity piqued. Nookie reached into her bag and pulled out a small bottle. “It’s my special drink. Just for us. ”“Is it safe? ” Lea asked quickly, concern flashing across her face.“Relax, Mrs. Ainsley. It’s just juice mixed with soda,” Nookie said, her smile broad. “I thought it would be nice to celebrate my freedom. ”Byron watched as his mother sighed, still cautious but visible tension loosening. “Alright, but keep it simple. No big parties,” she warned.“Promise,” Nookie replied, and Byron felt a weight lift.

Maybe things could be alright. They could make a new beginning, just the three of them, though he knew Nookie’s past was lurking behind her smile. As they began to relax and share

stories, Byron couldn’t help but feel an old sense of hope reignite. There was something about being together that made everything else fade. But deep down, he knew he had to tread carefully.And he did. With every laugh they shared, every story they told, Byron was reminded of the complexity of love, the risks and the rewards of opening his heart to someone like Nookie. As the night went on, he silently made a promise to himself. He would take this slowly, knowing the road ahead wouldn’t be easy but hoping that love could sometimes be enough.

Byron’s boxing match

the phone rings, Byron's swipes and receives the call

“what’s up , who this”

“its me your mom, lea, how you doing baby

baby ?”

“I'm good mom , what’s up”

“I'm concerned baby, and listen up before you, hang up, i know you Byron”

“im here, for now” he responded sarcastically. he feared she was always trying to control him

“well i know , nookie is up to no good again , i see it in her eyes Byron”

“i mean , i just don't want her to take you with her to prison next time”

“ i saw her the other day on sun side drive, she was carrying bags of expensive shit she didn't pay for baby , im sure of it” “she’s not making money like that”

‘Ma, you being to nosey again, nookie makes money she works odd jobs, i told you that ma.”

“ Hear me out sugar, i know you love her , but until she changes i fear for your future , I didn't raise no damn statistic”

“oh here comes the single mother from heaven speech”

“excuse you,”

“your right I'm sorry” go on , Byron said ears half closed.

She went on and on for minutes without end. he just sipped juice from the food table and listened this was no way to prepare for fight but he loved his mom just as much as he loved nookie and honestly

everything that she said was pretty much true.

“so any way be careful babe, momma loves you, and come on over for dinner we gonna have some greens chicken, macaroni and sweet tea for your uncles birthday , ok” “by sugar”

“by ma”

Byron slowly hung up the phone and began to box the air . after a little gatorade he was ready pumped. his manager nelly j , came into the dressing room.

“ay man you ready”

“yea I'm ready “

“you don't look ready, i mean fo real “

“i said I'm ready, I'm just thinking about what my mom said”

“oh no dont tell me you dont want to fight now”

“no not that” “she said my girl nookie is poison, beyond repair”

“i could have told you that” nelly j responded.

“great response byron” replied condescendingly

“well it’s fight time now”

“right time to get busy,” byron put on this gloves and proceeded to the exit area of the room.

Byron stood in front of the mirror in his small apartment, adjusting his boxing gloves. He felt the adrenaline in his veins, the excitement of the fight ahead. Today was important, not just for him, but for Nookie Peterson too. Nookie had just gotten out of jail, and Byron wanted to show her that he was trying to change. He wanted her to see him as a fighter, not a thug. Nookie entered the room wearing a simple T-shirt and jeans. She looked nervous yet excited. Her light brown hair hung loosely, and her eyes sparkled with hope but also worry. “You ready for this? ” she asked, trying to hide her apprehension. “I’m ready. Just want to make sure you have a good time,” Byron said, smiling at her. As they arrived at the boxing gym, Byron could see his friends and homies gathered. They were laughing and joking around, and Byron felt the usual rush of belonging. But he noticed that Nookie seemed tense. She looked

around, taking in the sweaty walls, the punching bags, and the ring. She was not used to this world.“Hey, Byron! ” shouted a tall guy named Mike, who was always loud and full of energy. He rushed over and gave Byron a fist bump. “Is this your girl? ” he asked, turning to Nookie.“Yeah, this is Nookie,” Byron said, pointing to her with a proud smile.“Nice to meet you! ” Mike said, but Nookie barely smiled back. She didn't like how his friends looked. They had a rough vibe that reminded her of the bad times, and she felt unsure about being there. “who decided to invite all hood niggas” she said cringing sipping a red bull. She was savage and a criminal and quick to judgle others who did the same oddly, in Nookies mind everything she did was holy, the world was against her, she had to be a monster as a small black woman in a hate filled world. As the match started, Byron climbed into the ring. Nookie cheered for him, trying to push past her doubt. The bell rang, and Byron fought hard, showcasing all his training. Every punch he threw was like a promise to himself that he was changing his life. After a tough bout, Byron won! He stepped out of the ring, breathing heavily but glowing with joy. His friends cheered and clapped him on the back, while Nookie clapped but didn’t seem as thrilled. Byron noticed.“You did great,” she said, but her tone was flat. A little jeaslous she was, but wouldnt dare to say it. “I’m glad you won, but… can we talk? ”“Of course,” Byron replied. He walked with her toward the corner, away from the noise.

“Is everything alright? ”Nookie crossed her arms, her expression serious. “Not exactly. I mean, being with all these guys, it feels like we’re back in the same place. You’re boxing, but what about your job? You’re still working at that sandwich shop, right? ”Byron felt a sting of disappointment. “Yeah, I am. But I’m trying to save up to go back to school and get my life together. I don’t want to be a thug anymore, Nookie. This boxing is my way out. ”“Right, but do you see what I see? ” Nookie bit her lip, frustration bubbling under the surface. “You’re broke. I’ve just been in jail, and I don’t want to worry about money all the time. You say you want a better life, but this doesn’t feel like it. ”Byron felt his heart race, not from the fight, but from stress. “I’m doing my best. I’m trying to be better, for you and for myself. It just takes time. ”“What the fuck if it doesn’t work out? ” Nookie said softly, her voice almost a whisper. “What if you end up stuck? ”The question hung in the air, heavy and painful.

Byron took a deep breath, trying to stay calm. “Then we’ll figure it out together. I want you to trust me, Nookie. I believe in us. ”But Nookie looked down, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. “You don’t know how hard it’s going to be. You think winning in the ring will fix everything? ”Before Byron could respond, he heard Mike call out, “Hey! Come celebrate with us! ”Reluctantly, Nookie followed Byron back toward the crowd. The atmosphere was loud with laughter and cheer as Mike handed Byron a drink. “To the champ! ” he shouted. Nookie stood on the edge, feeling more like an outsider than ever. Byron tried to pull her into the group, but she remained stiff. “I need some air, just let me breath ” she said abruptly. Byron felt a pang of worry but let her go. He knew she needed space to think, but he also felt frustrated. Why couldn’t she see that he was putting in the effort to change? After a few minutes, Nookie returned, her face reflecting a mix of determination and unwillingness. “Byron, I want to support you, I really do. But I’m scared. I can’t see us building a future if we’re just trying to survive, we need more babe. ”Byron looked into her eyes and saw the vulnerability. “I understand your fears. Trying to be a perfect man to rotten girl was Byron's biggest problem, according to his mother. I just want a chance to prove that I can change. Let me show you. ”Silence stretched between them, and they could hear the laughter of his friends in the

background. "Okay," Nookie finally said. “But if we’re going to do this, we need to be honest with each other. No more hiding our feelings. ”“Deal,” Byron replied, a small smile creeping across his face Byron was about as strong as reinforced teddy bear. The night went on, laughter mixed with tension. As they walked home, Byron felt both hopeful and afraid of what lay ahead. He had a fight to win, but he also had a relationship to build with a venomous woman . Together, they would face whatever came next bonny and clyde hood style .

Bad cousin kat

Nookie Peterson sat on the worn-out sofa in her boyfriend Byron's small apartment. The television flickered in front of her, filling the room with an array of colorful images, but she found it hard to focus. It had been two weeks since she got out of jail, and her search for a job had turned into a frustrating cycle of silence. No one wanted to hire a tough girl with a prison record, and that fact weighed heavily on Nookie's mind.

Byron was away, working a late shift at the diner. The sounds of the night were muffled through the thin walls, and Nookie felt the loneliness creep in. She flipped through channels, searching for something to hold her attention, but nothing seemed worth it. It was too quiet, too empty, and she felt restless. Just as she reached for her phone to scroll through old messages, it rang. The name on the screen caught her eye—

Kat. Her cousin, the wild one with bright pink hair and an infectious laugh. Nookie answered with a hint of hesitation.

"Hey, Nookie! It's Kat! How are you doing? " Her cousin's voice was cheerful but laced with mischief. “I’m okay, I guess. Just looking for a job, you know? ” Nookie said, trying to sound optimistic.“Oh, come on! You’re too tough for a boring job. Let’s do something fun! ” Kat’s voice was vibrant, pulling Nookie in. “I’ve got an idea! ”Nookie leaned forward, curious. “What’s the idea? ”Kat paused for a moment, and Nookie could almost hear her thinking. “Remember that computer store we hit last time? The one on 5th Avenue? ”Nookie's heart raced. They had pulled off a heist that netted them twenty-eight thousand dollars. It was exciting and reckless, a rush of adrenaline that still made her smile. But after jail, doing something like that again felt different. “Kat, I just got out. I don’t know if I should—””Come on, Nookie! It’s easy! They don’t have great security, and you know it. And besides, we need money. What do you have right now? Nothing! ” Kat pressed, her voice persuasive.

“girl how i see it byron made you weak” Kat interjected

“you use to be a beast honey, you were like the terminator back in the day” “not trying to swell your head up just saying.”

“right back in the day , before the big

house”

“well i mean if you really trying to change i will back up”

“but we have evolved since then, we got better setups , we been getting it without you”

“Tayshia drive a bentley now, yes a bently”

“you mean Tayshia that use to work a golden coral and dance on the side”

“yes golden corral tayshia ,”

“she doing debit card scams now honey, we have gotten smarter”

“it wasnt our fault you got caught last time”

“right i was the one, wanted to keep hitting the same spots” she said sadly

the mood had changed , nookie was now being lured back in to a life of darkness and deception she once tried to escape.

Nookie looked around the dim room, at the peeling walls and empty pizza boxes. She felt the sting of desperation creeping in again. “What if we get caught? ”“We won’t! I’ve got it all planned out. Just you and me. In and out. You’re tough! You love the thrill! You’ve always been the brave one,” Kat reassured her. Nookie smiled a little, remembering their past adventures, the feeling of freedom they created together. “Alright,

I’m in,” Nookie finally said, feeling a rush of excitement and fear.“Great! Meet me at the diner in an hour. We can talk more,” Kat said, her tone cheering. They hung up, and Nookie stood up, her mind racing. The idea of robbing the store ignited a spark inside her. She felt alive.Nookie threw on her black leather jacket, tying up her hair into a tight ponytail. When she walked to the diner, the night air felt crisp and electric against her skin. She arrived at the diner and saw Kat sitting in a booth, a wide grin on her face that was infectious. “So, I was thinking...” Kat began as Nookie slid into the seat across from her. “We go in after closing. I’ve noticed they usually close by ten, and we can time it perfectly. ”“Are you sure this will work? ” Nookie asked, still feeling the tension knotted in her stomach.“Absolutely! Look, I’ve seen the guys who work there. They’re lazy, especially the night shift. We’ll be in and out before anyone notices,” Kat explained, her excitement contagious.As they carefully plotted their plan, fear and adrenaline intertwined within Nookie. Part of her felt exhilarated about the chance of cash flow, while another part wondered if they were making a dangerous mistake.Just before closing time, Nookie and Kat found themselves outside the computer store. They parked Kat's old car a few blocks away and approached the glass doors, peering inside. The store looked dark and quiet, with only a few faint lights flickering. Nookie’s heart drummed loudly in her chest.“Are you ready? ” Kat whispered, glancing back at

Nookie.“Yes, but let’s be quick,” Nookie said, her hands sweaty inside her jacket pockets.With a nod, they slipped into the store. The quietness surrounded them, only broken by the faint hum of electronics. They moved quickly to the back where high-end laptops waited for them. Kat started filling a bag with gadgets, while Nookie kept watch.“Grab those! They’re worth more than the others! ” Kat exclaimed, pointing.Nookie’s hands shook with nervous energy as she filled her bag. They were halfway through when suddenly, they heard a noise. The sound of footsteps came from the front. Panic shot through Nookie, and her mind raced with thoughts of getting caught.“Let’s go! Now! ” she hissed, and they bolted towards the exit, bags in tow.As they burst outside, the cool night air hit them like a wave, pushing them to run. They didn’t stop until they reached Kat’s car, panting and laughing, a mix of fear and thrill bubbling inside them.“Can you believe we did it? ” Kat giggled, her eyes bright with excitement.Nookie couldn’t help but smile, the rush of adrenaline flooding her senses. But deep inside, she wondered if this thrill would last, or if it was just another step in a chaotic path. For now, they had done it, and in that moment, it felt incredible.

A new recruit

Nookie Peterson stepped out of the cold, grey building that had been her home for the last year. The air felt fresh, but the weight of her past still hung on her like a heavy cloak. She was tough, street-smart, and ready to take on the world. The world, however, didn’t seem ready for her. After countless applications, not a single job had called her back. Life outside was harder than she remembered. Her boyfriend, Byron, waited for her at their small apartment. He was sitting on the couch, staring blankly at the TV, but she could tell his thoughts were far away, probably thinking about bills and the mechanic school he dreamed of returning to. Nookie had always admired Byron. He was kind, loyal, and had dreams that his paycheck never seemed to support. "Nookie! " he exclaimed as she walked inside. His face lit up, and for a moment, it felt

like everything was right in the world. She smiled back, longing to pull him into her arms and tell him that everything would be okay. But she knew things were tough. They had rent due, and she didn't have any money.She sat beside him, her own thoughts swirling in her mind. What could she do to fix their situation? Then it hit her. The night before, she had done something daring—something that filled her with adrenaline and excitement.

Nookie had robbed a computer store. It wasn't her first time doing something illegal, but this felt different. She had gotten away with it and had some cash stashed away.“Byron,” she said slowly, gauging his reaction. “I need to tell you something. ”“What is it? ” he asked, looking at her with concern.“I did something last night. I… robbed a computer store. ” She watched as his eyes widened in shock.“Nookie! That's dangerous. What were you thinking? ” he exclaimed, his voice a mix of disbelief and worry.“I was thinking we need money. You want to go back to mechanic school, right? This could help us! We can do it together; I can teach you how to rob, and we can make a lot of cash! ” She folded her arms and leaned closer, trying to convince him.“I don’t know, Nookie…” Byron hesitated. “What if we get caught? I can’t go back to jail, and you don’t want to end up there again. ”“Think about it,” she urged. “We can be a team. You can get your tools and school supplies, and I can help you. We can have a normal life. ”“But stealing? Is that really the

way? ” Byron asked, looking conflicted.“It’s not just stealing. It’s making a choice to take back what life has taken from us! ” Nookie insisted, her voice growing louder. “Join me, Byron. We can do this together. Just one more job, and we’ll be set. ”After a long silence, Byron sighed heavily. “Okay, I’m in. But I want to keep it small and quick. We can do something easy, right? ”Nookie felt a rush of excitement. They would be a duo, working together. “There’s a place I know. Just down the street. We could hit it tomorrow night. ”That evening, they planned their next move. Nookie had included a friend, Leo, who was always up for a thrill. He was a small-time criminal but could handle any situation. They gathered at their apartment and outlined the details.“Listen, it’s simple,” Nookie explained. “We go in, grab what we can, and get out. Leo, you’ll handle the back door, and Byron, you stay close to me. ”Byron forced a smile but still looked uneasy. “Just in and out, right? ”“Exactly. We’ll be like shadows. No one will see us,” Nookie assured him. The day turned into night. With their hearts pounding, they made their way to the store, which was just around the corner. Everything felt surreal—the sounds of the city buzzing around them, the thrill of what they were about to do.As they approached the store, Nookie felt her adrenaline kick in. This was their chance for a fresh start. In their minds, the rewards were unlimited.They entered through the back door, Leo managing the lock like a pro. Once inside, it was a whirlwind. Nookie

grabbed laptops and electronics, while Byron followed closely, picking up what he could. The place was empty, and the dark corners seemed to hide their every move.But just as they thought they were in the clear, the unexpected happened. A security guard appeared, walking through the store. Nookie's heart raced.“Hide! ” she whispered urgently. They ducked behind a shelf, the guard passing just inches away. Byron held his breath, tension thick in the air.After a few moments, the guard moved on. Stealthy and shaken, they continued gathering what they could. They split the loot and made a hurried exit, breathless with the thrill of danger.As they ran back to the apartment, Nookie felt invincible. “We did it! ” she cheered, adrenaline still pumping.But as they entered their home, Byron's face shifted. “This isn't the answer, Nookie,” he said quietly, the thrill fading from his eyes.Nookie realized then that they had crossed a line—not just into crime, but into an uncertain future. She had wanted to help him but didn't know if this was truly the path they should take.Maybe they were both trying to escape something, and in doing so, they risked losing everything.

How much is enough money

Nookie Peterson had always been tough. She didn't just wear her toughness like a badge; it was woven into her very being. After spending two long years in jail, she stepped out into the world like a lioness released from a cage, fierce and ready to conquer. But the world outside was not as welcoming as she had hoped. With a criminal record, finding a decent job was harder than breaking stone. No one was calling her back. Her boyfriend Byron, who had always stood

by her side, could see the frustration building in her. Nookie had a wild spirit and a heart that ran hot, just like the bourbon she loved to drink. She didn't want to go back to the life she had, but desperation breeds bad decisions. "Babe, maybe we should think this through. We're doing fine right now. Why not just stop? " Byron suggested one cool evening as they sat on the front porch of their run-down apartment. The sun dipped low, painting the sky shades of orange and purple."We have enough money, Byron! Fifty thousand dollars! We can live on this for a while," Nookie shot back, her words bubbling with the edge of a whiskey bottle. Behind them, Nookie's cousin Kat sat on the steps, rolling a joint, her eyes flickering back and forth between the two."Yeah, but what if the cops come sniffing around? We've been lucky, but luck runs out," Byron tried to reason, worry tangled in his thoughts."Stop being a coward! It's just a couple of stores! No one got hurt," Nookie snapped, her temper flaring up. The effect of the alcohol mixed with her surroundings intensified her anger.Kat chimed in, "C'mon, Byron. We're good at this! And we're not gonna get caught. Just stick with us, you know? "Nookie and Kat exchanged glances, their spirits mirroring each other's thrill for the chase and risk. They had pulled off a few small robberies at clothing and electronic stores, and believe it or not, it had become exhilarating. The adrenaline rush was something Nookie craved. She felt alive for the first time in years, more than just surviving but actually living

dangerously. Byron sighed deeply, looking at the pair. “Look, I don’t want to lose you, Nookie. If we keep this up, you’re asking for trouble. The last thing I want is to see you back behind bars. ”Nookie felt the heat rise in her chest. To her, stopping felt like surrendering. “If you want to stop, Byron, then you might as well dig a grave for yourself,” she said, the burn of tequila lending an extra edge to her voice. “You’re talking like you’re scared. I’m not scared. Not of anything! ”“Is that so? ” Byron raised an eyebrow, not wanting to push too hard. But there was something to Nookie’s boisterous spirit that both excited and terrified him.The nights turned into weeks, and the trio continued their spree of petty crimes. They did not harm anyone, but they caused chaos, stealing what they believed they needed. Each successful heist made Nookie feel untouchable, and as summer rolled into full swing, so did her recklessness.But with each store they hit, Byron felt a sense of dread seep into his bones. He knew they had crossed a line, and the thrill of their success was beginning to wear thin. One night, after their biggest haul yet, he decided he’d had enough. They crouched in the back of the van surrounded by boxes filled with clothes and gadgets, and Byron summoned the courage to speak his mind.“I can’t do this anymore. I’m ready to turn ourselves in,” he announced, his voice steady and calm.Nookie shot him an icy look, her eyes wide with disbelief. “What did you just say? ” she hissed.“Don’t pull that on me. We have money,

and we could just go. But I can’t live like this, Nookie. I won’t. ”“Then you’ll die,” Nookie slurred, anger and resentment seeping into her words. “If you think I’ll let you just walk away, you’re sorely mistaken. I kept my mouth shut through every robbery. I played along while you were scared. But I’m not afraid, Byron! I’m free! ”“Freedom isn’t stealing,” Byron replied softly, the tension coiling between them like a spring. He didn’t want to fight, but Nookie was clouded by her intoxication.“We’ll take care of each other, right, Kat? ” Nookie looked at her cousin, who was watching cautiously, caught between them.Kat looked nervous but nodded, “Yeah, we got your back, Nookie. ”“See? So either you stick with us or you’re out. ” The defiance in Nookie’s voice was clear. She needed them by her side, but the cost was steep.Byron took a deep breath, feeling the struggle deep within his heart. Walking away might be his only chance at a better life, but he wasn’t sure he could leave Nookie behind.The air grew still, and the tension hung heavy. Nookie’s laughter broke the silence, but it felt hollow. Uncertainty filled the air as they faced the coziness of their dimly lit van now filled with stolen treasures that hadn’t bought them happiness.“We’re in this together, right? ” Nookie asked, but deep down, she feared losing the very thing that brought her soul to life, which was now pressing against the weight of remorse.Tension thickened in the air, and the night held its breath, waiting to see whether love or madness would win when unexpected knocks

sounded from outside. The echoes of their pasts loomed in the shadows, ready to meet them face-to-face when they opened the doors to the future.

Retaliation?

Nookie Peterson stood at the bus stop, the warm sun shining down on her face. She squinted as she watched the cars zoom by, each one a reminder of how tough it was to be out of jail. Fresh out, Nookie found herself in a world that didn't seem to want her. Job interviews came and went, but no one really wanted to hire a girl

with a past. Next to her was her boyfriend, Jake, a tall guy with messy hair and a tough demeanor. He had always supported her, but even he was starting to look worried."Maybe we should try something else," he said, glancing at Nookie."What do you mean? " she asked, crossing her arms."I mean... we could make some quick cash, you know? You, me, and Kat," he suggested, referring to Nookie's cousin, Kat. Kat was wild and adventurous, always looking for excitement. Nookie thought about it. They had done some crazy things in the past, but this felt different.“Alright, let's talk to Kat," Nookie agreed. She wasn't proud of it, but the thought of having money again was too tempting.Later that day, they met up with Kat at a diner. Kat was sitting in a booth, her hair bright pink and her arms covered in tattoos. She looked up, grinning, when Nookie and Jake walked in.“What's up? ” Kat asked, sipping on a milkshake.“We need a plan,” Nookie said, sliding into the booth. “We're running low on cash, and jobs aren't calling back. ”Kat raised an eyebrow. “You thinking what I'm thinking? ”Nookie nodded. “I think we need to make some quick cash. But it has to be easy. ”Jake leaned in, his eyes changing. “Like a robbery? ”Kat smirked, excitement bubbling in her. “That could work! Just a small one. We can hit up that corner store near the gym. They won't even see us coming. ”Nookie felt a rush of adrenaline at the idea. It was risky, but it pushed her fear aside. “Okay, let's do it. But we need to be smart. In and out quick. ”The next day, they

put their plan into action. Dressed in hoodies and caps, they approached the store. The bell jingled as they walked in. Nookie felt her heart race. She kept her eyes on the cashier, a middle-aged man who looked bored.“Just act normal,” she whispered to Jake and Kat. They took their positions, walking around the store while pretending to browse. The moment was tense but exciting.After a few minutes, Kat made her move. She rushed towards the register with a toy gun, yelling, “Give me all your cash! ” The cashier’s face turned pale, and he hurriedly filled a bag with money. Nookie could hardly believe it was working.Once they had the cash, they dashed out, hearts pounding. They piled into Jake’s old car, laughing and shouting. It was exhilarating to have money, even if it wasn’t the right way to get it.However, things took a turn when they started hearing chatter about other robberies in the area shortly after their heist. The police were tightening security, making it harder to pull off their schemes. Nookie felt the thrill dim slightly but decided to ignore it. They were making money, and that was what mattered .Meanwhile, Byron, a local boxer and Nookie’s old friend, was having his own battles outside of the ring. He had a big match coming up and was getting ready for it. Each fight helped him earn some cash, and he took pride in his training.One night, after a particularly intense match, he stepped out into the parking lot, feeling on top of the world. The cheers from the crowd echoed in his ears. He climbed into his car

when suddenly, a group of masked men appeared. Without warning, they opened fire on his vehicle. Bullets whizzed by, shattering windows. Byron ducked, his heart racing. What was happening? It felt unreal. Were they after him because of Nookie and her cousin? He had heard whispers of their recent activities, but he never thought it would come to this. As the attack continued, Byron managed to floor the gas and peeled out of the lot, the sound of gunfire fading behind him. He knew he had to find Nookie. They needed to talk about the danger they had stirred up.Later that night, Byron burst into Nookie's apartment, fear written all over his face. "What the hell is happening? I almost got shot out there! "Nookie's eyes widened. "What do you mean? Who was it? ""Some masked guys. I think they're retaliating for your robberies," he said, panic rising in his tone.Jake and Kat exchanged worried glances. Nookie felt a wave of guilt wash over her. They had gone too far, and now their choices could hurt the people they cared about."We need to stop," Nookie said, her voice firm. "This isn't worth it. I don't want anyone getting hurt. "Kat looked torn, excitement fading into worry. "But we need money," she replied.Byron stepped closer to Nookie, gripping her shoulder. "We find a way to sort this out. Together. "Nookie took a breath. Maybe it was time for a new plan, one that didn't involve running from danger. They had to put an end to this chapter of their lives before it spiraled further out of control.

Ramen nookie and bryon

Nookie Peterson had just stepped out of the cold, gray walls of the jail. After two long years, she was determined to turn her life around. But the world outside was not welcoming. No one was

calling her back for jobs. She walked the streets, her heart heavy with frustration. Every door she knocked on remained closed, and the rejection felt like chains wrapping around her again. Nookie gathered with her boyfriend Byron and her cousin Kat at a small café. They sat in a dark corner under flickering lights, sipping cheap coffee.“I can’t take this anymore,” Nookie said, her voice low. “We need money. And we need it fast. ”Byron, a tall and lanky man with a nervous habit of tapping his fingers, glanced at Kat. “What do you mean? ” he asked, eyes darting.Kat, adventurous and always up for a challenge, leaned in with a sly grin. “What if we rob someone? Just a small store or something. We can make some quick cash. ”Nookie’s eyes sparkled with excitement and fear. “Are you serious? That’s crazy. We’ll get caught. ”“Or we won’t,” Kat replied. “We’re smart. We can plan it out. ”After a long pause, Nookie nodded. “Alright, but we have to be careful. ”They started small, robbing convenience stores. They wore caps and masks, quickly snatching cash and running off into the night. Each time, their hearts raced, but they became skilled at it. Each heist brought in more money, and soon, they were living in a shiny condo downtown.Their new home had a view of the city skyline, and Nookie felt a thrill every time she stood by the window. But the money came with a price. Nookie began drinking more than she ever had before. She spent evenings with bottles of cheap vodka, laughing too loudly and

drowning her worries. Byron watched in dismay as the girl he loved slipped away, drowning in alcohol.Byron was especially nervous after a recent drive-by shooting outside their condo. They were lucky not to be hit, but fear gripped him. They couldn't live like this, constantly looking over their shoulders. "We need security," he thought .Byron hired Ramen, a big, burly security guard with arms like tree trunks. Ramen wasn't just strong; he was a man with a no-nonsense attitude. He came in, looking around the condo like a hawk. "I'll keep you safe," he said, his voice deep and reassuring.But Nookie was spiraling. She drank to escape her feelings, and one night, she stumbled into the living room where Byron and Ramen sat. "What's the point of all this money? " she slurred, waving a bottle. "I just want to feel free! "Byron frowned. "Nookie, this isn't freedom. You're losing control. "Nookie's eyes flashed with anger. "You don't understand! This life is all I have! "Ramen, who had been quietly observing, finally spoke. "You need to think about your future, Nookie. There are better ways to deal with your problems. "She glared at him. "Who are you to tell me what to do? "The tension in the room grew thick. Byron stood up, trying to stay calm. "I'm trying to look out for you. We can't keep living like this. You need help. "But Nookie shrugged him off, feeling cornered. She grabbed her coat, just wanting to escape. "I'm going out," she declared, and before anyone could stop her, she walked out into the night.As she wandered

the streets, the cool air hit her face. But the freedom she sought was lost in her intoxicated mind. Thoughts of her past and the mistakes she had made weighed heavily on her. She saw the city lights flickering, mirroring the chaos within her. Meanwhile, back at the condo, Byron and Ramen exchanged worried glances. “We have to go find her,” Byron said, a sense of urgency gripping him.Ramen nodded, his expression serious. “I’ll help. No one should be alone out there at night. ”They split up, searching the streets and calling out her name. Nookie was lost in a haze, stumbling toward the small park nearby. She sat on a bench, head in hands, feeling a deep sense of loneliness.Suddenly, she heard footsteps approaching. She looked up and saw Byron and Ramen coming toward her. Relief washed over her, but she felt a tug of embarrassment. “What do you want? ” she spat.Byron knelt down, concern in his eyes. “Nookie, please. We care about you. This isn’t you. ”Ramen stood beside him, arms crossed. “You’re stronger than this. You can turn things around. ”Nookie felt the weight of their words. For the first time, she saw that her choices were leading her down a dark path. She was not just hurting herself but also the people who cared for her.With tears in her eyes, she whispered, “I don’t want to be like this anymore. ”Byron reached for her hand, and Ramen nodded in approval. “You can start fresh, Nookie. We’ll help you. ”That night, a small light of hope flickered within her. It wouldn’t be easy, but maybe, just

maybe, she could find a way out without losing herself in the chaos.

Petes liquor store

Nookie Peterson stood outside Pete's Liquor, her heart racing with excitement and fear. The sun was setting, casting an orange glow over the small store. Beside her, her boyfriend Byron looked nervous. He was fidgeting with his hands, looking around as if he expected someone to see them. Nookie glanced at her cousin Kat, who stood with her arms crossed, looking determined."Are you sure about this? " Byron

asked, his voice low. He couldn’t shake the unease that had settled deep in his stomach."Of course, we’re sure," Nookie replied, trying to sound confident. "This is our chance. We get $250,000, and then we’re done. No more trouble. Just think of all the things we can do. We can go anywhere, live the way we want. "Kat nodded in agreement. "Just a quick grab, Byron. We’ll be in and out before anyone knows what happened. "Byron looked at Nookie, who was biting her lip, her eyes shining with excitement. He loved her, and he wanted to support her dreams, but he never imagined they would come to this.He shook his head. "But what if something goes wrong? What if we get caught? "Nookie stepped closer to Byron, gently placing a hand on his chest. "I need you with me, Byron. I promise, once we have the money, I’ll stop this life for good. Just think about it—no more struggling. No more living paycheck to paycheck. We can finally be happy. "Byron felt a spark of hope igniting in his chest. He loved the idea of freedom and a fresh start. But he also felt the weight of uncertainty. "What if it doesn’t work? "Nookie looked him in the eye and leaned in, kissing him softly on the mouth. It was a simple kiss, but it filled Byron with warmth. It reminded him of all the good times they had together. He wanted to believe her."Think about our future," Nookie said after pulling away. "We can have everything we’ve ever dreamed of. Just trust me. "Byron sighed, running a hand through his hair. He could feel his resolve

weakening. "Okay. I’m in. But we need to be careful. "A smirk spread across Nookie’s face. "That’s the spirit. Let’s do this. "The three of them stepped towards Pete's Liquor, their hearts pounding with adrenaline and fear. Kat pulled out a mask from her bag and handed one to Nookie and Byron. "Just put these on. It’s all about not getting recognized. "Byron hesitated for a moment but then slipped the mask over his face. Nookie and Kat followed suit. They looked at each other, the thrill of the plan making them feel like a team.As they entered the store, the bell jingled, announcing their arrival. Inside, the store was small but filled with rows of colorful bottles and snacks. An older man stood behind the counter, reading a newspaper. He looked up, surprised to see three masked figures.“Hey! What’s going on here? ” he shouted, standing up quickly.Nookie’s heart raced. This was it. She pulled a note from her pocket, scribbling quickly. "This is a robbery! Give us all the cash and no one gets hurt. "“What? ” The man looked bewildered, eyes darting between them. He seemed to realize he was in trouble.Byron felt panic rising in his chest. "Uh, just do what she says! " he urged, his voice shaking.Kat moved closer to the counter, her hands tense at her side. "We don’t want to hurt you. Just give us the money. We don’t have much time. "The old man hesitated, clearly weighing his options. His hands slowly moved towards the cash register, but then he raised an eyebrow, sensing their fear. "You kids think you can just

walk in here and take what you want? "Nookie’s heart raced faster. "Please, just do it! "Finally, the man opened the cash register, his hands trembling. Nookie’s eyes widened as she saw the bundles of cash inside. It was all happening so fast."Grab the cash, Byron! " she shouted.Byron moved towards the register, but he felt a surge of doubt. This wasn’t the way he wanted to live. In that moment, the old man pushed a button under the counter. An alarm blared, ringing loudly around them. Kat cursed under her breath. "Get the money, now! "Byron scrambled to grab the cash, shoving it into a bag Kat had brought. All the fear he felt moments ago vanished. They had to make a run for it.Nookie rushed towards the exit, but Kat turned back to the old man. "Don’t move, or else! "They burst through the door, hearts pounding. They ran down the street, adrenaline fueling their escape. Byron could hear the alarm blaring behind them, and he pushed himself to run faster .As they turned a corner, Nookie stopped, panting. "Did we get enough? "Byron didn’t know. They had gotten cash, but they risked everything. "Do you think we’ll get caught? " he asked, a new wave of worry washing over him. "We won’t. We’ll be fine," Nookie assured him, but Byron could see fear in her eyes too. Because deep down, they both knew this was just the beginning of a very dangerous path.

KATS APARTMENT

Nookie Peterson sat on the floor of her cousin Kat's cluttered living room, surrounded by piles of cash. The room was dimly lit, and the air was thick with the smell of old takeout and dust. Next to her, Byron, Nookie's boyfriend, was carefully counting the money. Kat leaned against the wall, arms crossed and a sly grin on her face. They had

just pulled off a liquor store robbery, and now they were feeling the thrill of their success. "Can you believe we actually did it? " Nookie asked, excitement dancing in her eyes. She picked up a stack of bills and stared at it, as if it was some kind of treasure. "We’re going to be rich! "Byron nodded, still focused on counting. "Yeah, but we need to be smart about this. Can’t go blowing it all on stupid stuff. "Kat, rolling her eyes, interjected, "You both need to chill. Look at all this money! We deserve to enjoy it after what we went through. Besides, you both could help me clean up this dump. "Nookie looked around the apartment. Old pizza boxes piled in the corner mixed with empty beer bottles scattered everywhere. "Yeah, it is pretty junky in here," she admitted. "You could at least tidy up a bit, Kat. ""But I was busy planning the heist! " Kat shot back, raising an eyebrow. "Can’t a girl have a little fun without being a housekeeper? "Nookie laughed, tossing a crumpled bill up into the air. "Okay, but we really should get this place cleaned up, or we’ll get bugs or something. "Just then, Byron clicked on the TV, thinking it could be a good distraction. The local news was on, and the bright screen filled the room with flickering light. Suddenly, the news anchor’s voice broke through their chatter."In breaking news, three masked robbers struck a local liquor store late last night, making off with a large amount of cash and alcohol. Authorities are asking anyone with information to come forward. "Nookie, Byron, and Kat all froze, their eyes glued to the screen. A clip

of the robbery played, showing blurry footage of their faces as they hurried out of the store. Nookie could feel her heart race, a mix of thrill and fear all at once."Look! That's us! " Nookie squealed, pointing at the screen. "They have no idea it's us! "Byron grinned widely, a mix of pride and disbelief. "This is crazy! We're famous. "Kat burst into laughter. "Famous for robbing a liquor store! What a way to go! " But then her laughter faded as she straightened up, anxiety creeping in. "Wait, what if someone recognizes us? What if they come here? "Nookie felt a chill. "Oh man, I didn't think about that. We can't stay here then! " She began to look around, panic rising. "What if the cops come knocking? We can't let them find this! "Byron tried to stay calm. "Okay, let's think about this. We can stash the money somewhere else, and then lay low for a while. Just until things cool down. "Kat nodded, her mind racing. "I know a spot. There's a storage unit I rented a while back. We can hide it there. "Nookie felt a rush of urgency. "Let's do it now. We can't waste time. " She quickly shoved the cash into a backpack, working furiously while Byron helped her. Kat paced, glancing nervously at the door."I don't think this is a good idea," Kat said, her voice tight with worry. "What if we get caught? "Byron stopped what he was doing and turned to her. "Listen, Kat. We made a big score, and we need to keep the money safe. If we panic, we might mess everything up. "Nookie nodded in support of Byron. "We have to stick together. We

can’t back down now. "Finally, they finished packing the money. Kat looked out the window, still anxious. "Let’s move fast. The longer we stay, the more chance we have of being found out. "They grabbed their things and hurried out of the apartment. The three of them dashed down the stairs, trying to be as quiet as possible. Each creaky step echoed in Kat’s mind, making her feel like every sound would betray them.Outside, the night was dark and calm. The streetlights flickered overhead, illuminating their hurried figures. They jumped into Kat’s old car, after stuffing the bag of money into the trunk. Nookie took a deep breath, feeling a mix of fear and excitement. As Kat started the engine, she glanced nervously at her companions. "You think we did the right thing? ""We had to, Kat," Byron replied, trying to reassure her. "We’re in this together. "Nookie nodded firmly. "Plus, we’ve still got the money, and the cops have no clue. We can figure things out. "As they drove towards the storage unit, the adrenaline coursed through their veins. They were in uncharted waters but felt a sense of unity. The thrill of the heist and the fear of being caught danced around them, making the night feel electric.But deep down, worry began creeping in. Would they be able to keep their secret safe? Would they get caught? As the city lights flickered past, one thing became clear: their lives would never be the same again.

Nookie and clubbing don’t mix

The neon lights of "The Velvet Room" pulsed, casting a lurid glow on Nookie Peterson, her boyfriend Byron, and her cousin Kat. They were a trio bathed in ill-gotten gains, each clutching glasses of champagne. Tonight, they were kings and queens, fueled by the adrenaline of their

recent exploits – a string of liquor store heists and pawn shop raids that had filled their pockets with enough cash to burn.Nookie, with her vibrant pink hair and a devil-may-care attitude, was the undisputed leader. Byron, a mountain of a man with a surprisingly gentle smile, was the muscle. Kat, quiet and observant, was the brains, always planning their next move.The music throbbed, a relentless beat that vibrated through the floor and into their bones. They moved as one, a chaotic swirl of laughter, cheap perfume, and the clinking of glasses. The Velvet Room was their kingdom for the night, and they ruled it with an iron fist of cash.Hours melted into a blur of dancing, drinking, and reckless spending. They bought rounds for the entire club, attracting a crowd of admirers, hangers-on eager to bask in their fleeting wealth. Nookie reveled in the attention, her laughter echoing above the music as she tossed bills into the air, watching them flutter down like confetti.Byron, ever the protector, kept a watchful eye on them, his broad shoulders shielding them from the unwanted advances of drunken patrons. Kat, however, seemed detached, her gaze sweeping the crowd, her mind always calculating, always planning.As the night wore on, the atmosphere in The Velvet Room grew thicker, more intoxicating. The air was heavy with the scent of sweat, alcohol, and desperation. It was in this haze that a new player entered their game.A woman, slinky and seductive, with eyes that promised untold pleasures, sauntered over to their group. She was

drawn to Byron like a moth to a flame, her gaze locked on his muscular physique and the wad of cash he casually displayed.Without a word, she slipped onto Byron's lap, her movements fluid and practiced. She began to dance, her hips swaying in rhythm with the music, her hands teasingly caressing his chest. Byron, initially surprised, seemed to enjoy the attention, a grin spreading across his face.Nookie watched the scene unfold, her initial amusement quickly turning to simmering rage. Jealousy, raw and primal, coursed through her veins. Byron was hers, and no one, especially not some gold-digging club rat, was going to take him away.She grabbed her glass of champagne, the bubbles fizzing like her anger. With a flick of her wrist, she hurled the contents at the woman, the golden liquid splashing across her face and dress.The music screeched to a halt, the sudden silence amplifying the collective gasp of the crowd. The woman shrieked, jumping off Byron's lap, her face contorted with fury."You crazy bitch! " she screamed, lunging at Nookie.Nookie met her head-on, her own anger boiling over. They grappled, a whirlwind of fists and curses, their fight a messy spectacle in the middle of the dance floor.Byron, caught off guard, tried to intervene, but it was too late. The bouncer, a hulking figure with a shaved head and a menacing glare, was already barreling towards them.He grabbed Nookie and the other woman, separating them with brutal force. "That's enough! " he roared, his voice silencing the

murmuring crowd. "You two are out of here! "He dragged Nookie towards the exit, ignoring her protests. Kat, seeing her cousin in trouble, tried to intervene, arguing with the bouncer, but he wouldn't budge. He grabbed her arm as well, his grip like a vise."And you too, lady," he said, his voice devoid of emotion. "You're both banned from The Velvet Room. "He shoved them out onto the street, the cold night air a stark contrast to the sweltering heat of the club. Nookie stood there, seething with rage, her expensive dress now stained with champagne and the grime of the street.Kat, ever pragmatic, tried to calm her down. "Come on, Nookie," she said, her voice soft. "It's not worth it. Let's just go. "Nookie glared back at The Velvet Room, the neon lights mocking her. "This isn't over," she muttered, her voice laced with venom. "I'll make them pay for this. "Byron emerged from the club, his face a mask of apologies. "Nookie, baby, I'm sorry," he said, reaching for her hand. "It was just a stupid dance. It didn't mean anything. "Nookie pulled her hand away, her eyes burning with anger. "Don't touch me, Byron," she said, her voice cold. "You embarrassed me in front of everyone. You let that tramp dance all over you. "Byron sighed, knowing that he was in deep trouble. Nookie's anger was a force of nature, and he was caught in its path. "Let's just go home," Kat said, trying to defuse the situation. "We can talk about this later. "They walked in silence, the weight of their actions hanging heavy in the air. The night that had

started with such promise had ended in humiliation and anger. As they disappeared into the darkness, the neon lights of The Velvet Room continued to pulse, casting a lurid glow on the empty street, a silent reminder of their fleeting moment of glory and the consequences that followed. The game had changed, and they were no longer in control.

The burger way

Nookie Peterson adjusted the rearview mirror, checking her reflection. Her bright red lipstick popped against her dark skin, a stark contrast she always loved. Beside her, Byron, her boyfriend, drummed his fingers on the steering wheel, a nervous habit she found endearing. In the back seat, Kat, Nookie's cousin, scrolled through her phone, occasionally interjecting with a witty comment.They were parked in the Burger Way drive-through, the aroma of greasy fries and sizzling patties filling the car. Byron was ordering, his voice muffled through the speaker. "Yeah, lemme get a number one, extra fries, and a Dr. Pepper. And for the ladies? ""Spicy chicken sandwich, no mayo, and a lemonade," Nookie chirped."Just a burger and a coke," Kat mumbled, her eyes still glued to her phone.The rims on Byron's car gleamed under the neon lights of the fast-food joint. He'd spent weeks saving up for them, and they were his pride and joy. Nookie knew how much they meant to him.Suddenly, a dark sedan pulled up beside them, its windows so darkly tinted that it was impossible to see inside. Nookie frowned, a sense of unease creeping in. The car idled there for a moment, the silence thick with tension.Before anyone could react, the world exploded in a cacophony of gunfire. Bullets ripped through Byron's car,

shattering windows and tearing metal. Nookie screamed, ducking low in her seat. Kat shrieked from the back, throwing her hands over her head. Byron yelled, slamming the car into gear.He hit the gas pedal, tires squealing as he swerved out of the drive-through lane. The dark sedan screeched in pursuit, more bullets whizzing past them. Byron expertly navigated through the crowded parking lot, weaving between cars as he tried to escape the onslaught."What the hell is happening? " Nookie yelled over the sound of the engine and the gunfire."I don't know! " Byron shouted back, his face a mask of terror and concentration. "Just hold on! "Kat was sobbing in the back, her body shaking uncontrollably. Nookie reached back and grabbed her hand, offering a reassuring squeeze. Despite her own fear, she knew she had to stay calm for Kat.As they sped away, Nookie caught a glimpse of the dark sedan. It was close enough that she could make out a sticker on the back window. It was a logo - a stylized microphone with the words "Renegade Records" emblazoned beneath it."Renegade Records! " Nookie exclaimed, her mind racing. "I saw their sticker on the car! "Byron glanced at her, his brow furrowed. "Renegade Records? What do they want with us? "Nookie shook her head, confused. "I have no idea! I don't even know anyone involved with them. "They finally managed to lose the sedan after a harrowing chase through the city streets. Byron pulled into a deserted alleyway, his hands trembling as he turned off the ignition. The

silence that followed was deafening, broken only by Kat's quiet sobs.They sat there for a moment, catching their breath and trying to process what had just happened. The car was a wreck, riddled with bullet holes and shattered glass. But miraculously, none of them had been hurt."We need to go to the police," Nookie said, her voice barely a whisper.Byron nodded in agreement. "Yeah, you're right. This is insane. "As they stumbled out of the car, Nookie's mind was still reeling. Renegade Records? Why would a record label be targeting them? It made no sense.The police arrived quickly, sirens blaring and lights flashing. They took statements from each of them, meticulously documenting the damage to the car and collecting evidence.Detective Miller, a seasoned officer with a weary expression, listened intently as Nookie recounted the events. When she mentioned the Renegade Records sticker, his eyes narrowed."Renegade Records, huh? " he said, stroking his chin thoughtfully. "We've had some dealings with them before. They're known to be involved in some shady business. ""Shady business? " Nookie asked, her heart sinking. "Like what? "Detective Miller hesitated for a moment before answering. "Let's just say they're not afraid to use intimidation tactics to get what they want. Are you sure you don't know anyone connected to them? "Nookie racked her brain, trying to think of anyone who might have a connection to the record label. But she came up empty."I swear, I don't," she said, her voice filled

with frustration. "This is all so crazy. Why would they target us? "Detective Miller shrugged. "I can't say for sure. But we'll look into it. In the meantime, I suggest you be careful. Someone clearly wants to harm you, and we need to find out why. "As they left the police station, Nookie felt a sense of dread wash over her. They were targets, but they didn't know why. The thought was terrifying."What are we going to do? " Kat asked, her voice trembling.Nookie looked at her cousin, her eyes filled with determination. "We're going to find out who's behind this and make them pay. "Byron nodded, his jaw set. "Yeah, they messed with the wrong people. "The next few days were a blur of fear and paranoia. They stayed close to home, constantly looking over their shoulders. Nookie couldn't shake the feeling that they were being watched.Driven by a thirst for answers, Nookie started her own investigation. She spent hours online, researching Renegade Records and its artists. She discovered that the label had a reputation for being ruthless and cutthroat. They were known to exploit their artists and use any means necessary to maintain their dominance in the music industry.As she dug deeper, Nookie stumbled upon a connection between Renegade Records and a local gang. The gang was rumored to provide security and muscle for the label, and they were known to be involved in drug trafficking and other criminal activities.Nookie realized that they were in way over their heads. They had unknowingly stumbled into a

dangerous world, and they needed to find a way out.She shared her findings with Byron and Kat, and together they decided to take matters into their own hands. They knew they couldn't rely on the police to protect them. They had to protect themselves. They devised a plan, a risky and audacious scheme that could either expose their attackers or put them in even greater danger. They knew the stakes were high, but they were determined to fight back. They would not be intimidated. They would not be silenced. They would find out who was behind the attack and bring them to justice, no matter the cost. The curiosity to uncover the truth overpowered the looming climax.

EASTER SUNDAY

Nookie and Byron were excited to celebrate Easter Sunday at church with Byron's mom, Lea. The sun shone brightly as families gathered outside the old brick building, the sound of laughter and cheerful greetings filling the air. Nookie, with her colorful hair and bright personality, fit in well with Byron's warm family. They both loved each other and enjoyed spending time together, but today felt special because it was a holiday.Inside the church, the service began. The preacher spoke about love, forgiveness, and new beginnings—perfect themes for Easter. Nookie loved the atmosphere; everyone sang, and the music was uplifting. But as the service went on, she began to feel restless. After the sermon, there was a break before the next part began. “I’ll be right back,” Nookie whispered to Byron, who nodded, still chatting with his mom.Nookie slipped out of the main hall and headed to the bathroom. Once inside, she pulled out a small bag and rolled a tiny joint. She was excited to take a moment for herself, to relax a little. She took a deep breath and lit it up. The smoke filled the small bathroom, and Nookie leaned back against the cool wall, feeling the tension fade away.Meanwhile, in the church, the break was almost over. Mother Thompson, a stern woman known for her strong beliefs, decided to check the bathrooms to make

sure everything was in order. As she entered the one Nookie was in, the distinct smell of weed hit her like a brick wall. Shocked, she immediately turned around and stormed out, her mind racing. This was not the Easter spirit she was looking for.After the service ended, Lea, Byron, and Nookie met up outside. Lea looked pleased, enjoying the sunny weather and the joyous atmosphere. But before they could leave, Mother Thompson approached Lea, her face serious as she spoke quietly, trying to keep the conversation private.“Lea, can we talk for a minute? ” she asked, her eyes serious.“Of course, what’s wrong? ” Lea replied, a bit concerned.“I just came from the bathroom. I smelled weed. It was strong; I’m afraid Nookie was in there,” Mother Thompson told her, crossing her arms.Lea’s expression shifted from concern to anger. She had trusted Nookie, but this was unacceptable. “Thank you for letting me know. I will deal with it,” Lea said coldly.Once they were in the car, tension filled the space. Byron was in the front seat, unsure of what was going on. Nookie sat in the back, oblivious to the storm brewing. Lea turned around, her expression fierce.“Nookie, what were you thinking? ” she demanded, her voice sharp.Nookie looked confused. “What do you mean? ” She could sense the anger but wasn’t sure why.“I heard you were in the bathroom smoking weed during church! This is not okay! ” Lea’s voice rose, filled with frustration.Nookie rolled her eyes. “It was just a little, and it was my break. What's the big

deal? ” she replied, trying to dismiss the seriousness of the situation.Lea's frustration boiled over. “The big deal is that we came here to celebrate Easter, to be in a positive place, and you disrespect that! You need to choose right now, Byron needs to choose too. It's either me or this life you’re living with her! ”Byron turned in his seat, shock written across his face. “Mom, that’s not fair. Nookie and I love each other. Why should she have to choose? ”“I’m not asking you to choose,” Lea replied, her voice steady. “But if she can’t respect our values, then maybe you need to think hard about whether this is the right relationship for you. ”Nookie felt anger rising inside her. “You don’t get to decide who Byron spends his time with! I’m not a bad person,” she yelled back.“I’m trying to protect him! ” Lea shouted. “This is not the kind of life I want for my son. You smoke, you party, and that’s not what family is about! ”Byron felt torn. He loved his mom and appreciated everything she had done for him, but he also loved Nookie and enjoyed their fun times together. “Mom, please, just give her a chance! Everyone makes mistakes. Nookie is not bad; she just made a poor choice. ”Lea shook her head, refusing to back down. “You need to understand, Byron. I’m not against you, but you must see the bigger picture. If you choose her, then you will lose me. ”Nookie’s heart sank. She hated this confrontation, and it made her feel so small. “I never wanted to come between you two,” she said softly, tears forming in her eyes.Byron sighed deeply, feeling his heart

racing. “Why can’t we all work together? Why does it have to be like this? ”Lea remained silent for a moment. She looked at Nookie with a softer expression now, her mind racing with thoughts of how to handle the situation. “I just want what’s best for you, Byron. I love you,” she finally said, her tone slightly easing.Byron nodded, but his heart was filled with confusion. He looked at Nookie in the back seat, and she looked back at him, her eyes glistening with unshed tears.“Let’s just talk about this later,” he said, hoping to find a way to resolve the tension. “There’s always a way to fix things. ”And as they drove away from the church, the bright sun shone on them, but the shadows of the day lingered in their hearts, hinting at the challenges they would face ahead.

CHANGS CHECK CASHING

Their latest plan was to rob a small check cashing place located on a quiet side street. The shop was known for having some cash on hand but didn't have the best security. Nookie and Kat decided that sneaking in through the back roof would be their best option. The night was dark, and a light rain had started to fall, masking their movements as they approached the building."Are you ready for this, Kat? " Nookie whispered, peering up at the roof. The sentiment in his voice was both excited and anxious."I'm ready. Just follow my lead. Remember, in and out," Kat said confidently, although her heart raced with adrenaline.They climbed a fire escape to reach the roof and quietly crept towards a vent that would lead them into the shop. With a few deft moves, Kat pried open the cover, and they slipped inside, landing softly in the storage area.The dim light flickered as they made their way to the front of the shop, keeping low to avoid being seen. They could hear the faint sounds of

arguing coming from the two employees who were working late. Nookie and Kat exchanged glances, their hearts beating in unison."Let's go," Nookie urged.They dashed to the counter where the cash registers were. Kat quickly pulled out a small backpack she had brought along. Nookie kept a watchful eye on the entrance, ready to warn her at the first sign of trouble. Kat meticulously emptied the registers, pulling stacks of cash and stuffing them into the backpack.Just as they were finishing up, Nookie heard voices nearing the back. Panic hit him like a wave. "Kat, hurry! We need to get out of here," he hissed.With one last glance at the cash in the registers, Kat zipped her backpack and nodded. They sprinted back to the vent they entered from, but as they climbed up, disaster struck. Kat miscalculated her move and got stuck halfway through the vent."Nookie! I can't move! " Kat cried, her voice muffled.He stopped and looked back at her, torn between wanting to help and needing to escape. "What do we do? ""Just go, Nookie! I will find a way out," Kat urged, her eyes filled with determination.He hesitated, his instincts screaming at him to stay. But he could hear the employees getting closer, and he knew they wouldn't have much time. "I can't leave you! " he protested."Go! I'll meet you later. I promise! " she insisted.Reluctantly, Nookie turned and crawled back to the roof, heart pounding. He peered down from the edge, hoping to catch a glimpse of Kat once he was out of sight. He took a deep breath, feeling the weight

of their loot on his back.Once outside, Nookie couldn’t shake the feeling of guilt. He ended up hiding behind some trash bins behind the store, and his heart raced as he listened for Kat’s voice. Minutes felt like hours.Meanwhile, inside the vent, Kat was in a tight spot. She wiggled and pushed, but every movement seemed to make it worse. She could hear the muffled voices of the employees growing closer, and her heart raced. Summoning her strength, she pushed one last time, feeling the tin give way. With a final wiggle, she managed to escape from the vent.Kat fell ungracefully onto the floor of the empty storage room. She winced as she felt a sharp pain in her ankle. "Great, just great," she muttered to herself, glancing at the backpack filled with cash that she had managed to bring with her.Ignoring her discomfort, she quickly made her way to the back door, knowing she needed to get out quickly. As she stepped outside, Kat felt a rush of fresh air. The alley was dimly lit, and she limped into the shadows, keeping an eye out for any signs of trouble. She knew she couldn’t go home directly. Nookie would worry if she showed up right away. Instead, she made her way to an old bookstore she loved. The owner, Mr. Hammond, was an old family friend. She knew she could hide there for a bit while she planned her next move.After a long, painful walk, Kat finally arrived at Mr. Hammond's bookstore. The familiar smell of old paper and coffee made her feel at home. She quietly slipped inside, hoping he wouldn’t notice her

injury.Mr. Hammond looked up from behind the counter, surprise washing over his face. “Kat! What happened to you? ” he asked, eyes wide.“I’m okay, just a little scrape. I need to lay low for a bit,” she replied, smiling weakly.“Come here,” he said, gesturing her to the back where he kept an old cot. “You can rest here until you’re ready to leave. ”Kat nodded gratefully. As she lay down, she thought about Nookie. She hoped he made it out okay. No matter how complicated things got, they always found a way back to each other. Their bond was unbreakable, just like the thrill of their lives as outlaws.Tomorrow would be a new day, and she would find Nookie. Together, they would navigate the next chapter in their wild adventure, learning from their mistakes and planning their next big heist. The thrill of life as criminals had only just begun.

BOXING MATCH OMEN

Byron had been training for this amateur boxing match for weeks when he had spare time apart from the hustle. He had dreamed of the day when he would step into the ring and show everyone his skills. Kat was excited for him. She believed in him and knew he would win.When they arrived at the small arena, the atmosphere buzzed with energy. Friends, family, and fans filled the seats, waiting for the night's matches. Nookie felt the adrenaline rush through him. He could see the ring illuminated under bright lights, and as he stepped inside, the crowd cheered for him.Byron's opponent was taller and bulkier, they called him big spice, big spice was strong but Byron was quick. The match started, and with every punch, he felt more alive. The crowd's cheers pushed him forward, and every hit he landed made him feel like a champion. Kat

stood at ringside, shouting encouragement. “nookie could barely stand looking but cheered along”“You’ve got this, Byron! Keep going! ” she yelled. After three intense rounds, Nookie emerged victorious, raising his fists in triumph. The crowd erupted with applause, and for a moment, he felt like he could take on the world. He found Kat in the sea of faces, and they hugged tightly. They were celebrating both his win and the life they led.However, the celebration was short-lived. As they left the ring and the announcer concluded the matches for the night, an unsettling feeling filled the air. People began to chatter nervously, and Nookie noticed a man in the crowd wearing a black mask. Instantly, something felt wrong.Before Nookie could think, the masked man pulled out a gun and aimed it directly at the ring. He fired four shots, the loud bangs echoing through the arena. Chaos erupted. People screamed and ran in all directions, desperate to escape the sudden panic. They were being followed it was obvious at this point and the intent to kill was as plain as day.Nookie and Kat instinctively ducked down behind the ropes, hearts pounding. “What’s happening? ” Kat shouted, trying to stay calm.“I don’t know,” Byron replied, his mind racing. “But we need to get out of here! ”They carefully navigated through the chaos, dodging people rushing past them. Just as they reached the nearest exit, the masked man turned, and Nookie locked eyes with him. The man looked familiar, but in the chaos,

there was no time to think. They pushed through the crowd, adrenaline fueling their escape.Once outside, they slowed down, both panting heavily. “Did we just witness a shooting? ” Kat asked, wide-eyed.“Seems like it,” Nookie replied, feeling uneasy. “But why would anyone shoot up a boxing match? ” “its obvious Byron said somebody knows who we are”“We need to lay low for a while,” Kat suggested, her mind already working through their options. “If the police come here looking for answers, they might connect it back to us. ”“Right,” Nookie agreed, rubbing the back of his neck. “We can’t let anyone suspect us. We’ll go back to the hideout tonight and figure out our next move. ”As they walked away from the arena, they couldn’t shake the feeling of being trapped in a whirlwind. Their lives had been thrilling, but this felt different. They didn’t just run from police anymore; they had to think about the unknown threat that the masked man posed.That night in their hideout, they decided to watch the news. The report of the shooting was all over the screens. A few witnesses described the shooter, but none seemed to know who he was. Byron felt a knot in his stomach. What if that man was connected to their past? What if their carefree days of crime were catching up to them?“Do you think we’re safe? ” Kat asked, biting her nails.“We’ve always been smart and careful, but we need to be even smarter now,” Nookie replied, determination in his voice. “Let’s not let fear control us. We’ll lay low for now, then figure out how to deal with this. ”With thoughts

swirling in their minds, they both knew their lives had taken a turn. No longer just clever thieves, they were now entangled in a web of danger. But one thing was clear: Nookie and Kat were going to fight for their freedom and continue to outsmart the world.

Kat and the last bar

Kat thrived on the thrill of life, often finding herself at bars where she could try her luck at gambling. On a Friday night, she walked into Lucky's Bar, a small joint filled with the sounds of laughter, clinking glasses, and the faint jazz music playing in the background.Fridays were busy, and Kat scanned the room for a spot at the blackjack table. Wearing her favorite black leather jacket and a pair of tight jeans, she blended into the crowd but also stood out with her boldness. She exchanged some friendly nods with familiar faces and settled in for an exciting night.As the night wore on, Kat felt the familiar rush of adrenaline as she placed her bets. She was on a winning streak, her laughter mingling with the cheers of the crowd each time she won. However, fortune can turn quickly. After a few hands, luck turned against her; she lost more than she had planned. Sighing, she leaned back in her chair and decided to take a break.She needed some fresh air to clear her head. As she stepped outside into the cool night, the city lights twinkled in the distance. Breathing in the crisp air, Kat lit a cigarette, watching the smoke curl up into the sky. She took a moment to calm down, not wanting to let the lost bets ruin her night completely.That was when she noticed him —a strange man standing across the street. He wore a dark coat and a mask that covered his face completely. At first, she thought he might be part of a Halloween prank or some odd street

performance. But as she took another drag from her cigarette, she felt a chill run down her spine. The man was staring at her, unmoving.Kat shook it off, thinking it was just her imagination. Maybe he had been watching someone else. She turned her back to him and walked further down the street to the dimly lit park close to the bar. The sounds from inside faded, and the night grew quieter. She wanted to enjoy her smoke without feeling the tension of the casino behind her.Yet, she couldn't shake the feeling that someone was watching her. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw the man was now closer, still wearing that unnerving mask. Her heart raced as she took a step back. The man's eyes, visible in the small openings of the mask, sent a shiver through her. For a moment, she considered confronting him, but fear overpowered her."Hey! What do you want? " she yelled, trying to sound braver than she felt.There was no response, just stillness. Her breathing quickened. Without waiting any longer, she turned and ran deeper into the park, her heart pounding. The path was shadowy, lined with trees that seemed to close in around her. She dashed past benches and overgrown bushes, determined to escape.But the echo of footsteps behind her made her panic rise. The sound grew louder, and she felt a surge of adrenaline. She sprinted harder, slipping her phone from her pocket just in case she needed to call for help. The man was still there, right behind her, and terror fueled her legs.Suddenly, she heard an

explosive sound, like a firecracker piercing the night. It took her a moment to realize what it was. A sense of dread filled her as she stumbled and fell to the ground. Pain shot through her body, and she turned to see the masked figure standing over her.“Why? ” she barely managed to gasp.The man loomed large above her, the mask blocking any sign of identity. He said nothing, and before she could scream, he was gone, leaving her alone in the dark park. The cold gravel below her pressed against her skin as she fought to stay awake. Kat was terrified, but her mind raced as she thought of Nookie and how she would never get to explain this. The quiet of the park surrounded her, but soon, she heard the distant sound of footsteps and voices. They were getting louder. Light streamed through the trees as headlights approached. Just then, everything around her faded, and she struggled to hold on to consciousness, thinking of her wild nights and the laughter at the bar.When the headlights finally reached her, she was surrounded by a circle of light, and she let herself sink into darkness.A few moments later, the paramedics arrived and frantically worked to save her. The darkness was lifting, but she was unsure if she could be rescued. Her thoughts flickered back to that night at the bar, the joys of winning, the rush of adrenaline, and now. . . this horrifying twist of fate.As the sirens wailed in the distance, they blared like a warning. Nookie would hear the news soon. Kat desperately hoped she would survive long enough to tell her cousin about the

risks that come with chasing thrills, that some games should never be played, and that some nights could end in shadows and silence.

Kat and the burger surprise

Nookie Peterson sat in a corner booth of their favorite burger joint, the bright red and yellow decor buzzing with energy. She took a big bite of her cheeseburger, savoring the melted cheese and crispy lettuce. Across from her, her boyfriend Byron, a tall and strong boxer, grinned at her. They had been partners in more ways than one, and today they were celebrating their successful string of robberies around the city.Byron was wearing a black tank top that showed off his muscular arms, and Nookie admired the way he leaned back, looking comfortable and relaxed. Next to him sat Kat, Nookie's cousin. Kat was full of life, her bright blue hair standing out against the gray walls of the diner. She was the one who had come up with the brilliant plans for their latest heists, always thinking two steps ahead.They laughed and joked, their table piled high with burgers, fries, and milkshakes. Everything felt perfect, just as it should be. For a moment, they forgot about the danger that loomed with their life of crime. Nookie looked at her cousin and said, "Can you believe we pulled it off? I thought we were done for when the alarms went off. ""Not a chance," Kat replied with a wink. "We're just getting started. "The conversation was lively until suddenly, the peaceful atmosphere shattered by the sound of Nookie's phone ringing. She glanced down at the screen and felt a chill run through her spine. It was an unknown number, but something inside told her to answer."Hello? " she said hesitantly.There was a pause on the line,

followed by a voice that made her heart stop. “Nookie, it's bad. Kat... she’s gone. She was shot in the park. ”The words echoed in her mind, and her burger slipped from her fingers, landing with a thud on the table. The world around her blurred as shock washed over her. “What do you mean, gone? ” she stammered.“I’m sorry. They found her in... in the dark part of the park. She didn’t make it. ”Nookie felt the room close in on her. She could hardly breathe. Her heart raced with disbelief and horror. She screamed, a piercing sound that filled the diner. Everyone turned to look, but she didn’t care. Byron jumped to his feet, concern etched across his face.“Nookie, what’s wrong? ” he asked, his strong hands gripping her shoulders.“Kat... she’s dead! ” Nookie gasped, tears streaming down her cheeks.Byron pulled her into a tight embrace, whispering soothing words while trying to process the sudden loss. Kat had been more than just a cousin; she was a sister, a partner in crime, and a friend. The thought of her being gone felt unreal.They left the diner in a daze, the joy of their small celebration now replaced by a heavy sadness. The next month was difficult. Nookie and Byron attended Kat’s funeral, which was filled with sorrowful faces and flowers that looked too bright for such a dark moment. Friends and family come to pay their respects, but all Nookie felt was emptiness.After the service, they gathered at a park for a memorial barbecue. Nookie hovered beside the grill, trying to mask her grief with smiles and laughter that

didn’t come easily. She felt the warmth of the sun on her skin but couldn’t shake the chill inside. She watched family and friends gather, sharing stories about Kat."Remember when she painted her hair blue right before the big heist? " someone laughed. "She said it was her lucky color. "Nookie forced a smile, her mind replaying memories of Kat’s laughter, her mischievous smile, and the way she could light up a room.Byron stood beside her, his arm draped around her shoulder. “Hey, we’re going to get through this,” he murmured softly.Nookie didn’t respond, feeling the weight of their situation pressing down on her. She had lost more than her cousin that day; she had lost a part of herself. She couldn’t help but think about their life of crime, how Kat had always been the brave one pushing them forward.As dusk began to settle, Nookie glanced at the darkening sky. A sense of determination flickered inside her. “We can’t forget her. We need to honor her somehow,” she said, her voice stronger now.“What do you mean? ” Byron asked, intrigued.“We can’t let her death be in vain. Maybe we can use our skills to help people instead of hurting them,” Nookie suggested.Byron nodded slowly, realization dawning on him. “You’re right. Kat wouldn’t want us to give up. She'd want us to keep living, but for something better. ”They spent the rest of the evening talking to family and friends, sharing memories of Kat and planning ways to channel their energy into something positive. Nookie felt

lighter, her heart still heavy but no longer burdened by despair. That night, as Nookie lay in bed, she made a silent promise to her cousin. She would honor Kat's memory by making a change, turning their life around, and taking a different path. No matter what challenges lay ahead, she was ready to face them, fueled by love, loss, and the vibrant spirit of Kat that would forever remain with her.

Get money inc.

Nookie Peterson stood by the grave, the chilly wind tousling her hair while the weight of the

world pressed down on her shoulders. It was hard to believe that her cousin, Kat, was gone. The funeral had been small, just a few close friends and family. But Nookie felt the heavy presence of guilt. It gnawed at her as she looked at the headstone, and with it came a sickening realization of the dangerous life they had led."Hey," Byron said, breaking her thoughts. He stepped beside her, his big hands resting on her shoulders. Byron was built like a boxer, his strong frame offering support, but even he looked shaken. “We need to get out of here,” he murmured. “We have to talk. ”Nookie nodded and followed him away from the grave. They moved through the cemetery until they reached a secluded spot next to an old tree. Byron glanced around, ensuring no one could overhear them.“Are you okay? ” Nookie asked, her voice barely above a whisper. They had been partners in crime, robbing small businesses and liquor stores to pay off debts. Kat had been in on it too, always bringing in clever ideas. But now, with her gone, they felt exposed, like prey in a wild hunt.Byron rubbed his chin, his brow furrowed with worry. “No, I’m not okay. We’ve crossed a line, and now it feels like we’re the ones in danger. After Kat died, I’ve been thinking. . . We shouldn’t have done those jobs with her. ”Nookie’s stomach turned. It wasn’t just about the money anymore; their robberies were tied to Kat’s death. It was about survival. “You’re right. But what do we do now? We can’t just keep living like this. ”“Did you see the news? They’re

saying Kat was involved with 'Get Money Inc. ' before she died," Byron replied. "They're a local rap label, but they're also dealing drugs. I recognized one of those guys from the footage on the news—Marv. He's trouble, Nookie. "Nookie shivered. Marv was a well-known figure in their neighborhood, always flaunting cash and flashy cars. She had avoided him before, but now it was clear he was linked to her cousin's last days. "What are we waiting for? " she snapped, adrenaline rushing through her. "If he's involved, we need to find out where he lives and confront him. He might know more about what happened to Kat. "Byron hesitated, but then he nodded, determination growing in his eyes. "Alright, let's make a plan. We need to gather some intel first. I'll ask around; maybe someone from the gym has seen him. While I do that, you can check online—social media, any music videos, anything that can lead us to him. "Nookie felt a flicker of hope. They might be in deep trouble, but they had each other. They met up in the evening at their rundown apartment, their heads buzzing with the urgency of it all. While Byron made calls and reached out to some friends, Nookie sat at the computer, scrolling through photos and music videos from Get Money Inc.Hours passed, and just when she was about to give up, she found a video that made her heart race. In the background, there was a familiar street, graffiti-covered walls, and the sound of laughter. It was a block party, and there was Marv, grinning and posing for the camera. A caption scrolled across

the screen: “Get Money Inc. Block Party—Meet Us at the HQ! ”“Byron! ” Nookie called, her excitement bubbling over. He rushed over, looking at the screen. “This might be it. We need to go to this party. We could find Marv there. ”“Can we trust any of them? ” Byron asked, his expression darkening. “We can’t walk in there guns blazing. We need to be smart about this. ”Nookie paced, thoughts racing. “We’ll go dressed like we belong. If we act confident, we can blend in. We just need to get close to Marv and find out what really happened. ”Byron agreed, and they spent the next day getting ready, picking out clothes that made them look the part. They had to pretend they were just another pair of thrill-seekers drawn to the allure of the street life.The night of the block party arrived, and the atmosphere buzzed with music and the scent of food. Colorful lights lit up the street, casting an almost magical glow on everyone dancing and laughing. Nookie and Byron stood at the edge of the crowd, nerves twisting in their stomachs. “There’s Marv,” Byron said, pointing discreetly. He was surrounded by friends, chuckling and showing off gold chains.“Let’s go,” Nookie said, her heart pounding in her chest. They moved through the crowd, trying to look casual while keeping their eyes on Marv.As they got closer, Nookie could feel her heart race faster. She leaned into Byron, whispering, “Once we get to him, we stick to the plan. We ask questions, and we leave. ”Byron nodded, his jaw set. Just as they were about to

reach Marv, they heard a loud laugh followed by a shout. The atmosphere shifted, and suddenly, Marv turned, locking eyes with Nookie. “Hey! You two! Who do you think you are? ”Panic rushed through her veins. This was it. All the planning in the world couldn’t prepare them for this moment. “We need to talk,” she said, striving to sound confident despite the fear gripping her.“Talk about what? ” Marv stepped closer, his eyes narrowing. The crowd began to take notice, and Nookie’s heart sank. She could feel the danger creeping in like a thick fog.But she was ready to find answers. This was for Kat, and they couldn’t back down now.

The talk and lea

Nookie Peterson sat on the edge of her bed, staring at the wall. The faint sound of basketballs bouncing outside her window reminded her of one important fact: life was not as easy as it used to be. Just a few weeks ago, she, Byron, and their cousin Kat had been on top of the world. Together, they pulled off a string of successful robberies around the city, sneaking in and out like shadows in the night. But now, everything felt different. Kat's funeral had finally hit them hard, leaving Nookie and Byron feeling more paranoid than ever.Byron, her boxer boyfriend, paced the small room nervously. His broad shoulders showed tension as he clenched his fists. "We should have never made those stupid choices," he said, a hint of anger in his voice. "Kat is gone, and now we're stuck with the guilt. "Nookie nodded, biting her lower lip. "I know. But we can't turn back now. We got too deep. " She glanced at Byron and saw the unease in his eyes. "What if they find out? " she whispered, fear creeping into her mind again."That's what I'm worried about," Byron replied. He was becoming distant, and she could see it. His dreams of becoming a professional boxer and a mechanic felt far away now. Instead, they were caught in this dangerous life.Later that evening, they decided to go to a local park to try and forget about their troubles. There was a basketball game going on, and the bright lights

filled the air with excitement. Yet, as they walked over, they kept looking over their shoulders, as if someone was watching them.Lea, Byron's mother, stood near the basketball court, chatting with some friends. When she caught sight of Byron, a concerned frown crossed her face. She steered away from her friends and approached him.Byron felt a knot tighten in his stomach. "Hey, Mom. What are you doing here? ""I came to see if you were alright," Lea said, her voice low. "I've been hearing things, Byron. I know you and Nookie have been up to no good. "Byron sighed, his heart racing. "Mom, we're fine. Just hanging out. ""No, you're not," she replied sternly, crossing her arms. "You're robbing people, Byron. I know it. And I can't just stand by and watch you ruin your life. "Nookie stood quietly by Byron's side, feeling the weight of Lea's words. She wanted to shout that they were fine, but the truth was, they were not alright."Mom, it's not that simple," Byron said, his voice low. "We needed the money. You don't understand. ""I understand more than you think," Lea said, her tone softening. "You're wasting your talent in boxing for something that could end up in jail or worse. Look at the life you could have. Focus on your dreams instead of this mess. "Byron looked away, guilt flooding through him. He thought about how he loved boxing, how it made him feel alive. He pictured himself in the ring, his hands flying, the crowd cheering for him. But here he was, tangled up in crime.As the game continued, the sound of the ball hitting the

pavement echoed in his mind. Nookie glanced at the other players, then back at Byron’s worried face. “We could just stop,” she whispered, full of uncertainty.Lea caught the conversation and took a step closer. “You both need to stop. You have so much potential… both of you. Life is not worth risking over a few quick bucks. Think of your future. ”Nookie felt her heart spark with hope but also fear. What would happen if they left this life behind? The thrill of the robberies was an addiction. But she also didn’t want to be the cause of Byron losing his dream.“What if they come after us? ” Nookie asked quietly, glancing around. “What if we stop and someone finds out we were involved? ”Byron’s brow furrowed, as if the thoughts were weighing him down. “We just need to lay low,” he said, but his voice lacked confidence.Lea took a deep breath, sensing Byron's struggle. “Listen, both of you. You need to decide what kind of life you want. You’ve already lost Kat. Don’t lose each other, too. ”Tension hung in the air, and silence followed for a moment. The game nearby was full of laughter and joy, a stark contrast to what they felt inside. Nookie and Byron exchanged glances full of fear, guilt, and the desire for change. Finally, Byron nodded slowly, a decision forming. “You’re right, Mom. I need to focus on boxing. I want to be a mechanic, too. ” He turned to Nookie. “I love you, but we can’t keep going like this. ”Nookie’s heart sank as she realized he was serious. She wanted to fight, but deep down, she knew they needed to find a better

way. “Okay,” she whispered, trying to keep her voice steady. “Let’s leave this behind. ”As they stood together, the weight on their shoulders started to lift. The park was still alive around them, but they felt the start of a new path forming under their feet. And finally, for the first time since Kat’s funeral, there was a spark of hope. They could change their lives, together.

Choc vs Smitty

For months, Nookie and Byron had planned and pulled off a string of robberies. They moved quickly, chilling out in the shadows and hitting

small stores where they could grab cash and run. It was risky, but they felt alive, and they enjoyed their newfound wealth. As they counted up their earnings, they felt like they were finally escaping their past lives, dreaming of a better future. However, their joy was soon shadowed by danger.Weeks after their last heist, Nookie felt a chill run down her spine. Her cousin Kat had been murdered, and whispers on the street pointed to Get Money Inc. , a notorious hustler group. They were ruthless, and they didn't take kindly to thieves who stole from them. The leader of the group was a young artist called Young Choc, and Smitty, his enforcer, was the one who always cleaned up after Choc's messes. Nookie was determined to find out who killed her cousin and to make sure that justice was served. She and Byron were now living with fear, knowing that a revenge killer could be lurking just around the corner.As they drove around the city in Nookie's old, beat-up car, they discussed their next steps. "We need to find Choc and find out what he knows," Nookie said, her voice heavy with determination. "He might be behind Kat's murder. "Byron nodded. "I'll keep my eyes open, but be careful, Nook. This is serious business. " They both felt the weight of what they had done. They had money in their pockets, but it felt cursed. They longed for a quiet life, but their past was playing a cruel game with them.Meanwhile, Young Choc was busy climbing the music charts, trying to forget the crimes that surrounded him. His first big album was about to drop, but

there were secrets that held him back. He was aware of the threats against him. After hearing about the robbery, he got word from his crew that Nookie and Byron were looking for him. He was ace on the streets, and he knew he had to act fast to protect himself. Choc had a deal with Smitty, his right-hand man, who was ruthless and willing to do anything.Smitty was known for being a dangerous hitman, and he was not afraid to go after anyone who crossed their path. One night, as Choc was filling up his gas tank at a run-down station, he noticed Smitty approaching him. Choc had no intention of being caught off guard. He quickly grabbed his gun, hidden under the seat, and waited.“Choc! ” Smitty yelled, stepping closer. “You think you could just run from us? ” Choc took a deep breath, feeling the adrenaline rush through his veins. Smitty laughed, thinking he had the upper hand. “I’m not running, Smitty,” Choc replied, calm but firm. “You think your group can intimidate me? I know who you are, and I know what you want. But I’m not the target you think I am. ”Just then, out of nowhere, Smitty lunged at Choc, knife glinting under the gas station lights. But Choc was quicker. He aimed his gun, and in a split second, pulled the trigger. The sound echoed in the empty night, and Smitty fell to the ground, lifeless. Choc's heart raced as he realized what had happened.Feeling victorious, but also terrified, Choc quickly fled the scene. He couldn’t stay in one place for too long. Smitty’s death would bring more heat—more hunters. He needed to

figure out his next steps and protect himself, but the blood on his hands weighed heavy on his conscience.Meanwhile, back in their cozy apartment, Nookie and Byron were still on edge. News of Smitty's death reached them within hours. "This isn't over," Byron warned. "If Choc is as smart as they say, he will come looking for us. " Nookie nodded, heart racing. She felt tangled in a web of danger, and every day felt like a countdown to a storm.The couple huddled together, making a plan. They decided they needed to find Young Choc before he found them. It was risky, but it could be the only chance to gain some control over their lives again. They agreed to stay in the shadows, watch the streets for any sign of him, and maybe, just maybe, they could uncover the truth about Kat's murder.Dark clouds loomed over them, but they were determined not to be victims anymore. Together, they would face whatever came next, armed with love and the street-smart tactics they had honed over their wild escapades. The game was far from over, and their fight for survival had just begun.

NOOKIES ON THE ROOF

Nookie Peterson was a girl who had always lived life on the edge. With fiery red hair and a rebellious spirit, she took risks that most would never consider. Her boyfriend, Byron, was her perfect match. He was strong and protective, with a boxer's build that came from years of training in the gym. Together, they had accomplished something wild. A string of robberies had left them with a stash of cash and a sense of invincibility. But that feeling was fleeting, overshadowed by the fear of revenge from the group they had robbed, Get Money Inc.Byron had always been the level-headed one in their partnership. Nookie, on the other hand, often acted on impulse. They had robbed a small jewelry store last week, and a couple of days later, they snatched a bag full of cash from a street vendor. Each time, the thrill had excited them, but each time, the fear of what might happen next had also grown heavier on their

hearts.One night, as they sat in their grimy apartment surrounded by paper bags filled with cash, the reality of their situation hit them hard. They turned on the news, and there it was —a report about Get Money Inc. and their quest for revenge. The group's leader, Jay Blaze, was known for his ruthless methods. They had heard stories about how he dealt with thieves. Each story sent shivers down Nookie's spine.“Byron, what if they find us? ” Nookie's voice trembled as she spoke. “What if they come after us? ”“We'll be fine,” Byron assured her, wrapping an arm around her shoulders. “We just need to keep our heads down. ”But even Byron could not shake the stress that hung in the air like a dark cloud. With every creak of the building, every siren in the night, their anxiety grew. The dream of a new life, free from the worries of the past, started to feel more like a nightmare.It was a particularly restless night when Nookie awoke to the sound of her own pounding heart. She glanced at the clock. It was 3 AM. Byron was sleeping next to her, his brow furrowed in worry. Nookie felt trapped in her thoughts, haunted by what they had done.Unable to bear it any longer, she slipped out of bed and tiptoed to the roof of their building. The cool night air hit her face, and she looked out over the city skyline. The sparkling lights seemed to mock her, showing the life she wanted but could not have. Thoughts of jumping flashed through her mind. Would it be easier to end everything? Could she escape the fear and

anxiety that consumed her? Suddenly, a hand grabbed her wrist. It was Byron. “Nookie! What are you doing? ” he gasped, panic in his eyes.“I can’t take it anymore, Byron,” she sobbed, trying to pull away. “I can’t live in fear! ”Byron stepped closer, gently holding her shoulders. “You can't do this,” he pleaded. “We can’t give up. We fought for a new life, remember? Jumping won’t solve anything. ”“But they’ll come for us! ” Nookie cried, tears streaming down her cheeks.Byron took a deep breath, easing his grip. “Then we fight back. We trust each other. We can find a way to stay safe. ”Nookie shook her head, feeling hopeless. “What if they’re too strong? What if we end up back in prison or worse? ”“Listen to me,” he said firmly. “We’ve faced challenges before. We got through them together. Running away or giving up isn’t the answer. We need a plan. ”For a moment, she looked into his eyes. They were filled with determination. “What kind of plan? ” Nookie asked, feeling a flicker of hope.“First,” Byron said, “we find out what they want. We need to know if they’re really coming for us or if it’s all just noise. If we can stay under the radar, we might be okay. ”“And what if they come for us anyway? ” Nookie whispered. “Then we fight back together,” he replied. “We’ve got each other. We just need to stick together and make smart decisions. ”Nookie sniffed, wiping her tears. “You really think we can fight them? ”“I do,” he said confidently. “But we have to keep our heads cool. Trust me, Nookie. Ending it up

here isn’t the solution. We can build a better life, but we have to be smart. ”She hesitated, feeling the weight lift slightly off her chest. “Okay,” she whispered. “Let’s figure this out together. ”Byron smiled gently, pulling her into a warm embrace. “That’s my girl. We’ll get through this. We always do. ”They stood on the rooftop, looking out together at the stars. For the first time that night, Nookie felt a glimmer of hope. The road ahead would be tough, but at least they wouldn’t face it alone. They were partners in everything, even in fear, and that made all the difference. Together, they would find a way to fight back, to protect their new life, and to discover what it meant to truly live free.

MEETING MOONIE RED

Their recent heist, targeting a notorious rap hustler group called Get Money Inc, stirred up trouble. Nookie and Byron had been careful, or so they thought. After they made off with a

significant amount of cash from the group, whispers of revenge filled the air. They knew Get Money Inc wouldn’t take this lightly.One night, as Nookie flipped through a magazine, Byron sat on the couch, his brow furrowed with worry. “We need to be on guard,” he said, his voice serious. “They will come for us. We can’t let our guard down. ”Nookie rolled her eyes. “We’re fine, Byron. They sent one killer and he failed. We got lucky. ”“Lucky or not, we can’t count on luck forever,” he replied, his eyes dark with thought.A few days later, they received a chilling message. A member of Get Money Inc named Big Reese had been sent to finish the job. Byron and Nookie tried not to panic. “He won't be a problem,” Byron muttered. However, news soon broke that Big Reese had turned up dead, and that shook them both to their core.“Who killed him? ” Nookie asked, her voice trembling. Byron shook his head, feeling the tension mount. “Does it matter? It could easily be someone from Get Money Inc looking to clean up loose ends. If they killed Big Reese, they can come for us next. ”With fear gripping them, they realized they couldn’t sit back any longer. If they didn’t act, they would be the next headlines in the news. “We need to deal with this,” Nookie insisted.Byron nodded. “You’re right. But we can’t do this alone. We need help. ”They decided to seek out Moonie Red, an expert killer known for his cold efficiency and dark reputation. Moonie had a storied past, and while he scared the living daylights out of most people, his skills were

unmatched in such matters.The next evening, Nookie and Byron drove to an abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of town. The air was thick with uneasiness. Shadows danced along the walls as they made their way inside. They found Moonie leaning against a wall, his face half-hidden by a cap.“What do you want? ” he asked, his voice low and gravelly.Nookie stepped up, her heart racing. “We need your help. We filled our pockets, and now we’re scared we’ll end up dead. Get Money Inc is after us. We need protection. ”Moonie chuckled darkly. “Protection is one thing, but killing is another. Why should I risk my neck for you? ”“Because if you don't help us, you could be next. Big Reese is dead, and we’re afraid they will send someone after you too,” Byron said, his tone steady.Moonie's eyes narrowed slightly, and he considered their words. Finally, he straightened. "All right, but things won’t come cheap. I want a cut of your money, plus my fee, once the job is done. ”Nookie sighed, feeling the weight of their situation. They needed Moonie's expertise, but they also couldn't afford to be short-sighted. “Fine. We’ll give you what you want, but we need a solid plan to take care of this. We can't just sit and wait for them to come for us. ”Moonie nodded, agreeing to help with a plan. They sat together in the warehouse, forming strategies as they talked. “First, we need to find the leader of Get Money Inc. If we eliminate him, the rest will scatter. But we need to be smart about this. ”They discussed the layout of the gang's

main hideout and strategized on how they would infiltrate it. As they were wrapping up their plans, a sudden noise echoed outside the warehouse. They all froze. Byron's heart pounded as he signaled for silence.“It’s them,” he whispered.Nookie's stomach dropped. They could sense the danger closing in. Moonie instructed them to hide, and they quickly tucked themselves behind large crates. As footsteps grew louder, the tension escalated in the air.“They’re here,” Nookie breathed, her mind racing.Just then, the door burst open, and two masked men entered, weapons drawn. Byron knew they had only moments to act. In a split second decision, he assessed their options. He glanced at Moonie, who nodded, ready to fight.“On my mark,” Moonie murmured, his eyes locked on the intruders.They held their breath, waiting for the right moment. The intruders chatted amongst themselves, unaware of the danger lurking nearby. Byron couldn’t wait any longer. He hurled himself from behind the crates, catching one of the masked men by surprise.In the ensuing chaos, shots rang out, echoing in the confined space. Nookie ducked and hugged the ground, her heart racing. Suddenly, a loud crash jolted the scene. Byron fought bravely as Moonie expertly dispatched the second masked man with swift movements. As the dust settled, they stood among the wreckage. The masked men lay on the ground, unconscious but alive. They had survived, but now they were deeper in than ever.“We did it,” Nookie gasped, adrenaline still

coursing through her veins.Moonie smirked. “This is just the beginning. They will come back, and next time, we need to be ready. ”Byron looked at Nookie, the weight of their choices heavy on his shoulders. “We need to handle this before it spirals out of control,” he said.As the reality of their situation settled in, Nookie realized their life had changed forever. They were no longer just thieves; they were players in a dangerous game that could end very badly. The stakes had been raised, and they had to face their enemies head-on.

REAPERS AT THE ALBUM PARTY

Their latest target, Get Money Inc, wasn't just another score it was an attempt to escape their own fate. It was a direct challenge to Young Choc the killer of nookies cousin kat , the rap mogul who ran the crew. Choc, with his flashy chains and a reputation for ruthlessness, didn't take kindly to being robbed. He'd sent two teams after Nookie and Byron, but both had failed miserably. Now, Choc was taking matters into his own hands."We got to disappear, Byron," Nookie said, pacing their luxurious apartment. "Choc ain't gonna stop. He's got too much pride. "Byron, a mountain of muscle with a surprisingly gentle demeanor, wrapped his arms around her. "We'll figure it out, baby. We always do. " But even his reassuring words couldn't mask the fear in his eyes. Unbeknownst to them, Choc was already putting his plan into motion. He'd learned about Nookie and Byron's love for the limelight, their occasional appearances at celebrity events. He decided to use that vanity against them. His plan was audacious: crash Choc's own album release

party, disguised as paparazzi, and eliminate them under the cover of chaos.The night of the party was electric. Celebrities, fans, and media personalities thronged the entrance of the exclusive club. Nookie and Byron, dressed in black, blended in seamlessly with the photographers. Nookie carried a professional camera, while Byron kept a watchful eye, his massive frame hiding a concealed weapon.Inside, the music pulsed, the atmosphere thick with anticipation. Choc, dripping in diamonds, held court in the VIP section. He was surrounded by his entourage, a crew of hardened individuals who were always on high alert.As Choc took to the stage, the crowd erupted. Nookie and Byron moved closer, positioning themselves for the perfect shot. But their intentions were far from journalistic. As Choc started his first song, Nookie nodded to Byron. It was time.They raised their cameras, but instead of flashes, gunfire ripped through the air. Chaos erupted as the crowd screamed and scattered. Choc's goons returned fire, turning the party into a warzone. Nookie and Byron ducked behind an Uber car parked nearby, using it as a makeshift shield. Bullets ricocheted off the vehicle, the air filled with the smell of gunpowder.In the mayhem, Nookie felt a searing pain in her arm. She'd been hit. Byron, his face a mask of fury, returned fire with deadly accuracy, taking down two of Choc's men. But they were outnumbered and outgunned.Inside the club, Choc had been hit too, a bullet grazing his side. Enraged and wounded, he screamed for his

men to finish them off. The crossfire intensified, the Uber car providing little protection. "We gotta move, Byron! " Nookie yelled, her voice barely audible above the din.Byron scooped her up in his arms and charged towards the back exit, bullets whizzing past them. They burst out into the night, the city lights blurring around them. They had to get away, to find a safe place to regroup and plan their next move. But with Choc and his entire crew hunting them, their chances of survival were dwindling fast.

We are being followed

The city lights blurred into streaks as Byron slammed the gas pedal. Nookie Peterson, slumped beside him, hissed as another bullet pierced the car's rear window. "Damn it, Byron, they're not giving up! " she cried, clutching her bleeding arm. Their successful string of robberies had painted the town red, but it had also painted a massive target on their backs. Get Money Inc. ,

a rap hustler group they had brazenly robbed, wasn't taking it lying down. Two failed assassins were proof enough. Now, this high-speed chase felt like the final act of a deadly game."We're almost there, baby. Just hold on! " Byron yelled over the roar of the engine and the persistent gunfire. He risked a glance in the rearview mirror, the pursuing car a menacing shadow in the night. He had to give it to them, these Get Money Inc. goons were persistent.Their latest target had been 'Choc', a known associate of Get Money Inc. They had ambushed him outside a club, relieving him of a hefty stash of cash and a diamond-encrusted watch. But Choc hadn't gone down without a fight, and now, here they were, bleeding and running for their lives.Nookie gritted her teeth. The pain was searing, but fear fueled her adrenaline. She and Byron had always been a team, a force to be reckoned with. She was the brains, quick-witted and resourceful, while Byron was the muscle, a former boxer with a knockout punch and unwavering loyalty.Their new life, bought with stolen money, was supposed to be paradise. No more ramen noodles, no more struggling to make rent. But the shadow of Get Money Inc. loomed large, threatening to snatch it all away."Left up ahead! " Nookie directed, her voice strained. "GG's place is just a few blocks from there. "GG, short for Geneva Green, was Nookie's childhood friend. A registered nurse, she was the only person Nookie trusted implicitly. She was also completely oblivious to their criminal activities. Nookie had

always kept that part of her life separate, a secret she guarded fiercely. But now, desperation had forced her hand.Byron swerved the car, narrowly avoiding a collision with a parked vehicle. The pursuing car mirrored their move, its headlights like predatory eyes. He could hear the distinct pop of gunfire and knew they were getting closer.He pushed the car to its limit, the engine screaming in protest. He risked another glance at Nookie, her face pale and drawn. He had to get her to GG's. He couldn't lose her.Finally, they screeched to a halt outside a modest, well-lit house. "Go, go, go! " Byron urged, shoving Nookie towards the front door. He scanned the street, his heart pounding in his chest. The pursuing car was just around the corner.Nookie fumbled with the doorbell, her hands trembling. "GG, it's me! Open up! " she cried, her voice barely a whisper.The door swung open, revealing a sleepy-eyed GG in a bathrobe. Her eyes widened in alarm as she took in Nookie's bloodied arm and Byron's tense stance. "What happened? " she gasped."No time to explain! We need help! " Nookie pleaded, pulling GG outside. "We're being followed. "Just then, the pursuing car roared into view, its occupants unleashing a hail of bullets. Byron shoved Nookie and GG behind his car, using it as a shield. He pulled out his own weapon, a Glock 19, and returned fire.The street erupted in chaos, the night air filled with the sounds of gunfire and shattering glass. GG screamed, her eyes wide with terror. Nookie, despite her pain, tried to pull

her back inside the house.Byron exchanged shots with the occupants of the other car, managing to disable their vehicle. But they weren't giving up. They scrambled out of the car and continued to fire, advancing towards them."GG, get inside! Call the cops! " Nookie yelled, pushing her towards the house.GG hesitated, torn between helping her friends and fleeing to safety. But the urgency in Nookie's voice convinced her. She ran inside, slamming the door behind her.Byron, now facing two armed men, knew he was outgunned. He fired his remaining bullets, hitting one of the men in the leg. But the other man kept coming, his face contorted with rage. Suddenly, a figure emerged from the house, wielding a baseball bat. It was GG, her face a mask of determination. She swung the bat with all her might, connecting with the back of the advancing man's head. He crumpled to the ground, unconscious. The other man, seeing his partner fall, hesitated. Byron seized the opportunity, tackling him to the ground and disarming him. Panting, Byron stood up, surveying the scene. The street was littered with bullet casings and shattered glass. One man was unconscious, the other was nursing a bullet wound, and Nookie was bleeding in his arms.He looked at GG, her eyes wide with shock. She had just saved their lives. But he knew this was just the beginning. Get Money Inc. wouldn't stop until they were dead. "We need to go," Byron said, his voice grim. "This isn't over. "

game changer?

Byron, a tall, muscular young man, walked into the coffee shop with his girlfriend, Nookie. They were not your typical couple. Instead of enjoying their time together, they were plotting their next move crooks, a thug union born in hell. Byron was a boxer, known in the underground world for his strength and speed, but he had chosen a darker path with Nookie by his side, she was evil but enchanting a sexual predator of churcy Byron. Instead of fighting in the ring, they were robbing people to fund their lavish lifestyle and nookies inability to get the perfect gig .

The coffee shop was dimly lit, a perfect place for secret meetings. They had arranged to meet a man named Bob-Z, a feared hitman known for his cold demeanor and deadly skills. Nookie fidgeted with her hair, trying to calm her nerves as they sat at a corner table, waiting for their contact. She stirred her soup nervously clinching her leather coat, often ordering more coffee than normal trying not to look suspicious. They needed help with their latest heist, and Bob-Z was the man they thought could make things easier.

After a few moments, a figure in a black leather jacket walked in. Bob-Z had a reputation for always wearing black. He was short and stocky, with a thick beard that made him look older than he was. Byron straightened his posture, showing off his muscles while Nookie bit her nails in anxiety.

“Byron?” Bob-Z asked, observing the two of them as he approached their table.

“Yeah. This is Nookie, my girlfriend,” Byron replied, trying to sound confident. unsure of his decision his face often lost composure and his voice waned in fear.

Bob-Z sat down and ordered a black coffee without looking at

the menu. “I hear you need some help with a job,” he said, leaning in slightly.

Byron nodded, excitement building inside him. “We want you to take out Young-Choc. He’s been a problem for us, messing with our business. We need him gone.”

Nookie leaned closer, eager to hear Bob-Z’s reply. She had heard tales about the hitman’s reputation, and though she felt a mix of fear and excitement, she was ready for whatever came next.

Bob-Z sipped his coffee, considering their request. “You know he runs with a gang, right? Killing him could spark a war in the city. It’s too risky,” he replied, his eyes narrowing. Byron didn’t like what he was hearing. He was ready to pay Bob-Z a handsome sum, but the hitman was not convinced.

“What if we make it worth your while?” Byron attempted, his tone hopeful. “You’ll get paid double. Just think of it.”

Bob-Z shook his head, pushing his coffee cup away. “It’s not just about money. It’s about the chaos that would follow.”

Nookie felt the tension rising in the air but kept quiet, sensing the shift in the conversation. She glanced around the coffee shop, noticing a few other patrons lost in their own worlds. Suddenly, the atmosphere became thicker, almost suffocating.

“Listen, Byron. I can’t do it,” Bob-Z said firmly. “Not for you. Not for anyone. There are lines you don’t cross, and this is one of them.”

Byron felt anger bubbling inside him. He leaned forward, trying to intimidate the hitman. “You’re a coward if you can’t handle a little blood on your hands. What’s the problem? You’re a killer, aren’t you?”

Bob-Z stared back, unflinching. “You don’t know what you’re asking for. It’s not just about killing a man; it’s about the blood and the lives that bleeding will ruin.”

The tension between them escalated, and Nookie sensed that they were at a breaking point. “Let’s not get heated here,” she said softly, trying to defuse the mood. But her attempt was futile. Byron’s pride was hurt, and that made things dangerous.

“Then you leave me no choice,” Byron spat. “If you won’t do it, I’ll handle it myself.”

Bob-Z looked around the café, his expression unreadable. “You have no idea what you’re getting yourself into. Young-Choc won’t go down easy, and his gang will come after you. Are you ready for that?”

Byron’s confidence wavered as he considered Bob-Z’s warning. “I don’t care. I’ll do whatever it takes.”

Bob-Z stood up, leaving a few bills on the table. “Good luck,” he said, before walking away. As the door jingled behind him, Nookie turned to Byron.

“You need to think about this, Byron. We can find another way. We don’t need more trouble,” she pleaded, her voice quaking with concern.

Byron waved her off, consumed by his fury. “No! We’ve come too far. I won’t let him disrespect me like that. I’ll take care of Young-Choc myself.”

As they left the café, Byron’s mind raced with thoughts of revenge. But deep down, a sense of dread crept into his heart. What had he done? Not only did he now have a gang on his back, but he had also dismissed the important warning from the

hitman. The city was dark, and shadows seemed to watch their every move.

As they walked back to their car, the air grew eerily still. Nookie glanced over her shoulder, feeling a chill run down her spine. “We need to go home. This isn’t just a robbery, Byron. This is a war now.”

“i mean , a war , bob z is a little bitch “

“babe he is a legend”

“im just saying , he scared of a war and he is a stealthy hit man who has never been caught,what”

“something sounds wack about dude”

“no, i guess choc is serious, why else would bob z back out”

“we got this” “chill i will figure it all out later”

“ i don't want my future wife stressed “

But Byron simply nodded, lost in his anger and determination. Little did they know that their choices would provoke a chain of events leading to horror they could never imagine, as the streets began to whisper with the promise of chaos. The city, once a playground of thieves and outcasts, was now on the brink of a bloodbath, all because of a single decision made in the dim light of a coffee shop.

Back yard brawl

Nookie Peterson’s heart hammered against her ribs as she stumbled through the darkness. The humid night air was thick with the smell of gunpowder and fear. Just hours ago, she and her boyfriend, Byron, had been riding high. Now, blood soaked her ripped jeans, and every breath was a searing pain in her side.It had all gone wrong so fast. One minute they were confronting Young Choc, a low-level player in a game they were trying to leave behind, the next, shots were fired. Byron, a boxer with a quick temper and quicker fists, had pulled the trigger first. Nookie hadn’t wanted it to go that way, but now they were running, hunted like animals." Byron," she gasped, her voice barely a whisper. "I can't. . . I can't keep going. "Byron, a mountain of muscle

and tattoos, scooped her up in his arms. His face, usually etched with a cocky grin, was grim. "Hold on, baby. We're almost there. ""There" was GG's house, Nookie's childhood friend and a woman who wouldn't hesitate to risk everything for her. They crashed through the overgrown gate, stumbling into GG's backyard. The house was dark, silent. "GG! " Nookie called out, her voice cracking. "GG, it's me! "A light flicked on in the back of the house, and the door creaked open. GG, her face creased with worry, pulled them inside. "What happened? What's going on? "Before Nookie could answer, a hail of bullets tore through the front of the house. GG screamed, dropping to the floor. Byron shoved Nookie behind the couch, pulling out his own gun. "They found us," he growled. "Stay here. I'll handle this. "The house became a war zone. Glass shattered, plaster exploded, and the air filled with the deafening roar of gunfire. Nookie huddled on the floor, clutching her side, as Byron exchanged fire with their attackers. GG, wide-eyed with terror, crawled next to her."Who are they? " she whispered. "Who's doing this? ""Choc's boys," Nookie replied, her voice trembling. "We messed up, GG. We messed up bad. "The shooting stopped as abruptly as it had begun. Byron emerged from the hallway, his face flushed with adrenaline. "They're gone for now," he said, panting. "But they'll be back. ""We can't stay here," GG said, her voice shaking. "My neighbors, the cops. . . ""I know," Byron said. "We need to move. Now. "He helped Nookie to her

feet, and they stumbled out the back door, into the darkness. The backyard was a maze of overgrown bushes and tangled vines. Byron led the way, pushing through the dense foliage, his senses on high alert.Suddenly, a figure emerged from the shadows, gun raised. Byron reacted instantly, firing twice. The figure crumpled to the ground. Another man appeared, firing wildly. Byron dove behind a tree, returning fire. The man screamed and fell silent."Byron! " Nookie cried out, her voice filled with panic."I'm okay," he replied, his voice strained. "But there's one more. I saw him. "They moved slowly, cautiously, through the backyard, the silence broken only by the rustling of leaves and their ragged breathing. Nookie could feel the blood seeping through her makeshift bandage, her vision blurring. "Byron, I can't. . . " she started to say, but he cut her off."Almost there, baby. Just a little further. "Suddenly, a figure lunged out of the darkness, a knife glinting in his hand. It wasn't the last shooter. It was Luca, one of Choc's most trusted soldiers. Byron was caught off guard; Luca was on him fast, slashing with the knife. Byron stumbled backward, trying to create some distance. Luca was too quick. He slashed at Byron's face, cutting him above the eye. Byron roared in pain, backing away and covering his bleeding face. Nookie saw her opportunity. With a surge of adrenaline, she grabbed a fallen branch and charged at Luca, swinging it with all her might. The branch connected with his head, sending him sprawling. Luca fell to the ground,

stunned. Byron recovered quickly, pulling out his gun and firing a single shot. Luca went still.Byron stood over Luca’s body, breathing heavily. He looked down at Nookie, his face a mask of pain and exhaustion. "We need to go," he said. "Now. "They stumbled away from the body, deeper into the backyard and the darkness. They had survived the night, but Nookie knew their troubles were far from over. They were on the run, wounded and hunted. And she had a feeling this was only the beginning.

Choc and the final battle

Nookie Peterson's heart hammered against her ribs as she scrambled through the overgrown backyard, Byron, her boxer boyfriend, right behind her. This was a nightmare a nightmare that her greed and unlimited selfishness had created. The acrid smell of gunpowder hung heavy in the air, a grim reminder of the chaos they'd unleashed. The night air grew thick and deadlier by the second. Young Choc was a viscous dude and hard to kill. The name tasted like bile in her mouth. They'd shot at him, a desperate act fueled by a mix of fear and adrenaline. Now, they were paying the price. It was him or them and they knew it. They were wrong from the git go and they knew it, but it didn't stop them from grimy deadly behavior that lead to this."Faster, Nookie! " Byron's voice was a low growl, urging her on. His broad shoulders pushed through the dense foliage, branches snapping under his weight. Nookie stumbled, her lungs burning, the humid night air thick and suffocating. Behind them, the shouts of Young Choc's crew echoed, growing closer with each passing second.A searing pain ripped through her arm. Nookie cried out, collapsing against a gnarled oak tree. "Byron! I'm hit! " she was finally starting to accept the pain from the shot that happened hours ago .Byron whirled around, his face a mask of fury and concern. He knelt beside her, tearing at her sleeve to examine the wound blood gushed in a terrible way . "Damn it! It's just a graze, but we need to get out of here. " He ripped off a piece of his t-shirt and tightly

wrapped it around her arm. Gg lay on the ground in tears she was a simply girl and was not ready for all of this. She supported nookie but now deeply regretted it. ‘girl what the fuck have you gotten me into .” “ I didn’t know you was running from the mafia, hell if I knew this shit I would not have let yo ass in my house.” “but I guess we in this shit together” she said before taking a shota them herself.They pressed on, the urgency of their situation fueling their every move. The backyard was a labyrinth of overgrown bushes, rusted garden gnomes, and forgotten toys. Each shadow seemed to conceal a threat, each rustle of leaves sent shivers down Nookie's spine.Suddenly, a figure emerged from the darkness, silhouetted against the faint glow of a distant streetlamp. It was Young Choc, his eyes burning with cold fury. A mask hanged low from his face. This wasn't just one of his goons; this was the man himself, the one they had tried to take out. This was Kats' killer. He was more than entertainer more like a sinister killer who had made it to the lime light.Byron didn't hesitate. He shoved Nookie behind him and raised his gun. Two shots rang out, sharp and decisive. Young Choc staggered, but he didn't fall. Nookie's breath caught in her throat. He was wearing a bulletproof vest. "You should have aimed for the head," Young Choc sneered, his voice dripping with malice. He lunged at Byron, a glint of steel flashing in his hand. They both crashed into kids swimming pool and became soaked in water and leaves. Byron met him head-

on, his years of boxing training kicking in. He dodged the gun thrust and landed a solid punch to Young Choc's jaw. The force of the blow sent Young Choc reeling, but he recovered quickly, his eyes narrowed with murderous intent. Nookie watched in horror as the two men grappled, a whirlwind of fists and fury. The air was thick with the sounds of grunts, curses, and the sickening thud of flesh against flesh. She knew she had to do something, anything, to help Byron. They exchange blows but church boy Byron quickly got the better of him. The gun had fallen into the wet dewy grass on the ground. “who in the fuck are you in the first place, first you rob my boys then you think I’m supposed to let up on giving you the smoke” Byron paused in confusion and then said , “don’t worry about who I am, this for kat” deep down his life flashed before his eyes, how did he end up in this, it was the poisonous love of nookie that did this. He thought about how lea tried to keep him from these moments, but regardless he had laid his bed of sin and now he laid in it .Scrambling on her hands and knees, she searched frantically for a weapon. Her fingers brushed against something cold and metallic. A rusty garden shovel. It would have to do. Just as Young Choc gained the upper hand, pinning Byron to the ground, Nookie charged forward, swinging the shovel with all her might. The shovel connected with the back of Young Choc's head, and he slumped to the side, unconscious.Byron pushed him off and stood up, panting, his face bruised and bloody. "Nice work,

Nookie," he said, a hint of a smile playing on his lips."What do we do now? " Nookie asked, her voice trembling.Byron thought for a moment, his eyes scanning their surroundings. "We can't just leave him here to recover. He'll come after us, and next time, we might not be so lucky. " An idea sparked in his mind, a risky but potentially game-changing plan.They dragged Young Choc's unconscious body to a dilapidated shed at the back of the yard. Inside, they found some old rope and duct tape. Working quickly and efficiently, they tied Young Choc up, securing him to a rickety wooden chair."We're not going to kill him," we are already in too deep , first the robberies now we killing people? I aint going down like that for real man, the other guys we may get away with but killing a celeb may get us caught for real" Byron said, reading the question in Nookie's eyes. "But we are going to make sure he can't hurt us again. "A few weeks ago, Nookie had done some research on Young Choc, a desperate attempt to understand the man who had become their enemy. She remembered reading something about him being on criminal probation. One wrong move, and he'd be back behind bars. Having over one hundred thousand dollars at their disposal had given them the advantage in surveillance and they used it to their advantage."We leave him here for the cops," Nookie said, catching on to Byron's plan. "Anonymous tip. Tell them where to find him. "Byron nodded. "Exactly. He's violated his probation just by being here with a gun. They'll

take him back in, and we'll be safe. " at least long enough to leave the country.They left Young Choc tied up in the shed, a silent and unconscious testament to their desperate struggle. Two men lay dead in grass of gg's house. As they slipped away into the night, Nookie couldn't shake the feeling that this was far from over. They had survived this encounter, but they knew that Young Choc's crew wouldn't rest until they had their revenge. They had made a powerful enemy, and now they had to be ready for whatever came next. Their lives were forever changed, bound together by a single, fateful night and the choices they had made in the heat of the moment

By Jessed David TRIPP

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SHORT STORIES

COMPILATION

TALES FROM THE BLOCK (BONUS STORIES)

DEADLY BROTHERZ

The door closed. Capone had returned from picking up the escalade that had been repossessed down the block. black was ready to hear the excuse. “what’s wrong now” man i don’t know but i had the hardest time getting this truck it’s like it was hard as hell to get into and had aloof security and shit.” at that time Monice the assistant had walked in and Capone was distracted. anyway i have to go in the trunk to download whatever is there bro for real. its heavy

as shit. finally he decided. so at nine am black had returned stone faced. what in the hell is wrong with you fool he said, awkwardly. “man you won’t believe this shit” what he said mockingly tilting back in his chair, I he pulled out a stack of money and through it on the table. what’s this Capone asked. money fool one hundred thousand, i found six million in total inside the walls and trunk of the car. “what” yeah six million fool” you kidding me, you a silly nigga always with the jokes. “fool I’m not joking he opening his coat revealing stacks of money. Capone eyes grew huge. he ran up behind him closing the door and the blinds they now knew the chaos was going to begin. the following weeks they began to ball, shit was different so different they needed a new protocol. they hired a body guard name big roll. big roll had worked for celebs in the past and had a fearsome reputation. he was assigned to follow them everywhere they went.

labor day weekend Capone and black attended a barbeque held by their aunt Mattie. big roll was present. “man that was some good shit” “ay you don’t think that anyone might come looking right” “man if they aint came yet they aint

coming bro chill.” he began sip his beer and grabbed a rib from the table as the music played in the back ground. suddenly eight shots rained in from the back ground piercing the barbecue grill. Every one including aunt mattie ducked and ran for cover as the bullets destroyed the entire event.

Weeks had gone by and shit began to get real. Everywhere he went Capone felt like maybe the ordeal that took place before would happen again. He shut the door of brand new whip as he and black entered a small ice cream shop down town. “man I don’t know since the barbeque incident I don’t really feel safe , I mean I know we got a new body guard on the squad and shit, but man I think we might have bit off more than we can chew, maybe we should just return the rest of the money” “return?” fool have you lost your damn mind.” “since this money, my taxes have been paid to the irs, I don’t owe no back bills and all of my children happy and they mammas is too, so you can give your share of the money back but I aint doing that lame ass shit.”

“well I guess maybe you right” he said stirring his chocolate milk shake slowly. “well I guess we just have to wait and see.” That evening Capone went to a gun shop and bout a 45 handgun. It was black and made of the finest of steel, he had a permit to carry in case he was stopped by the cops, wasn’t sure if he needed it or not but he was better safe than sorry. Blacks girl didn’t mind the new money she embraced it. She flaunted on social media and stunted daily at the malls and shopping outlets around the city. Things had definitely gotten better for the two brotherz they even moved to a better neighborhood away from the ghetto on the other side of the railroad tracks.

One Day Capone was coming home form work early. He parked the tow truck in the driveway of his gated community. He slowly exited the now armor plated vehicle. He walked to door ready to relax and talk to his wife, on the first step of house he noticed the door was left cracked open, maybe the kids he thought, but they didn’t return home until the after school program released them at seven thirty. He slowly walked in and

noticed that the house was a mess. The floor was dirty and the coffee table was broken like their had been a struggle. His heart raced as his fears began to grow that someone had come into house, he began to call out through the house , “babe you home?” “babe” he said walking up the stairs searching frantically. He finally made his way to the second floor. He hurried to the master bedroom and pushed open the door. The room was destroyed and his wife was gone. In the middle of the bed laid a note. The note read.

*“**if you want her back, bring what’s left of the money to the old mill bridge at eleven p.m next Friday,** no danger even exchange” after reading the letter he crumbled it up his eyes filled with tears. He was confused and angry at himself that he let this happen to her. “fuck!” he screamed before swinging at a lamp next to the be. He Immediately ran back down to the driveway and hopped in his Malibu. He sped out the gated community out into the main road. He punched in the address to the after school program, he didn’t know where it was, it was her job to pick up the kids at seven thirty each day . thirty minutes later he rolled into a large lot full of cars and children and saw them standing their*

on curb with their backpacks. They looked in the car and immediately jumped in. every part of his body relaxed all at once. At least he didn't lose everyone. Rage and confusion surged through his mind as she struggled to understand, what was necessary to get his woman back. He wasn't much of a street nigga, just a regular working guy. But now the money had changed that he was not a criminal and had beef with an unknown enemy. The next day Capone came to work early and told black what happened. "man you wont believe this shit" "what's got your panties in a bunch now?" "no joke, the people who came shooting took my wife bro" "what ?" "yes" "yes fool " they took her. "wow you serious, uh fuck" "what do we do" "um shit, let me think" we can call the cops I mean , we run a legit business, we didn't do anything wrong, we could tell them we waiting for the person to return to reclaim and they never did" "right " Capone said. "we are business men , that's got to be worth something. The same day Capone and black went up to the police station downtown. They made a complaint. They sat in the office for an hour to make a missing person complaint. Finally they were able to talk to a large man at the desk. "ok so , we found money in a car, we run a business we waited for them to come back and they never did so we spent the money, he said nervously" "how much money was it the man said recording as they spoke," "um like five grand" he said nervously as black looked at him out of the corner of his eye. After hearing the story the man

assured them they would send out an investigator to the home to see if they could get any clues as to what happened to his wife in the meantime, they advised them to shut down the towing service for a while just in case the kidnappers wanted to strike again. It was a lot to ask they were addicted to the business.

To give or not to give, I need this money

for a long time he contemplated just giving it back , but at the same time seemed to much like a simp a chump , why not just hold out and see if they were bluffing , besides they havent did anything thus far , so Capone decided to call his dad a pastor for advice .

Capone leaned back in his chair, the warm afternoon sun filtering through the dusty window of the towing service office. It was the kind of day when not much happened, typical for a small operation in the heart of the city. He co-owned the company with his friend Malik, a reliable partner who always had Capone's back. But today was different. Today, they had found a vehicle

abandoned on the outskirts of town, and inside it, they discovered a duffle bag stuffed with cash.

Millions of dollars, Capone thought, feeling the weight of the possibility settle in his mind. His heart raced as he recalled the moment he opened the bag alongside Malik, the shit was unreal . “This has to be a mistake,” Malik aka black ,had said, his eyes wide. Now, the reality of what they had found felt heavily on Capone’s shoulders. honor or poverty it was not a simple choice the business was doing fine but who could resist early retirement , at trip to jamaica, a new beamer or hell a new set of front teeth.

Initially, he had thought about keeping the money,

Feeling the crush of uncertainty, Capone decided to call his father, Reverend Brown. He dialed the number, trying to push away the nagging fear that had taken root in his gut.

“Hello?” The familiar voice of his father came through the line.

“Dad, it’s Capone,” he replied, his voice a bit shaky. “I need to talk.”

“What’s going on, son?” Reverend Brown asked, his tone shifting to concern.

“I... we found something. Malik and I discovered a duffle bag full of cash in an abandoned car,” Capone explained, glancing at the bag again, half-hidden behind his desk. “Now this guy is demanding it back, and I don’t know if we should give it to him or keep it.”

“Capone, that sounds dangerous,” Reverend Brown warned. “You have no idea who this person is or what he’s capable of. Money like that doesn’t come easy, and it often drags trouble with it.”

“I know, Dad. But millions of dollars... it could change everything for us. We could help so many people in our community,” Capone argued, pacing the small office.

“Son, listen to me carefully,” Reverend Brown said, his voice calm but firm. “There’s a reason it was left there by itself. Maybe it was meant for someone else, someone who needs it more than you know. I’m worried about what could happen if you keep it.”

“That guy seemed dangerous,” Capone admitted, recalling the man’s piercing gaze. “But what if he’s just trying to scare us into giving it back?”

“Sometimes you have to fight, but other times, walking away is the stronger choice,” Reverend Brown replied thoughtfully. “You have to weigh the risk.”

“I don’t want to involve the police either,” Capone sighed. “What if they decide to take it all? We found it, it’s ours, right?”

“Looking at it that way can lead to a big mess, son. You have to consider not just what belongs to you, but how it affects everyone around you. Your life, your future. You know more than anyone that whatever you choose, there are consequences.”

Capone took a deep breath. He felt the weight of his father’s words, heavy yet guiding. “So, what do I do? Just give it back? Be the nice guy?”

“Sometimes being nice is the bravest thing you can do,” Reverend Brown said. “You must find a way to protect yourself and Malik. If you decide to give it back, perhaps it’s worth having a safe way to do it. Make sure you’re not alone.”

“Do you think I can talk to the guy?” Capone asked. “Try to work something out?”

“That’s a risky move,” the reverend cautioned. “But if you’re determined, keep your wits about you. Trust your gut.”

Capone nodded, even though his father couldn’t see him. “I’ll think about it. Can you pray for me?”

“Of course, son,” Reverend Brown replied. “Just remember, truth and honesty go a long way. Be smart, be safe.”

As they ended the call, Capone felt the mix of fear and resolve wash over him. He looked at Malik, who had been listening closely. “What did your dad say?” Malik asked, eyebrows raised.

“He thinks we should give the money back,” Capone murmured. “But it’s not that simple.”

“Capone, I trust your instincts, but I also think we should think it through. If this guy’s dangerous, we can’t just hand it over without a plan,” Malik said, his voice low. “We could call the cops, you know.”

“No. That could turn against us,” Capone replied firmly. “We need to confront this guy and figure out a way to handle it ourselves. We can’t just let fear dictate our actions.”

Malik nodded, though the worry in his eyes didn’t fade. “Alright. Let’s be smart about this.”

As night fell, Capone pondered over the duffle bag. It housed potential and peril, a puzzle waiting to be solved. With determination and dread mingling in his heart, he knew he had a critical decision to make. Whatever the outcome, it was now clear that this was about more than just money. It was about survival.

They noticed they were being followed often and the shit was stressful . A black sedan with tinted windows appeared wherever they went, football games, the mall and even the after school program. Then came the phone calls, silent at first, then with distorted voices demanding the money back. The stakes escalated when Capone's wife, Isabella, was kidnapped. A chilling message followed: return the money, or Isabella pays the price. Capone was ready to cave the softer of the two brothers he just wanted to go back to work at the towing company, he wanted to hand over every last dollar to ensure Isabella's safe return. But Black had other ideas. He couldn't bring himself to give the money back. It was their ticket out of working so hard, a possible early retirement, it their chance at a better life. He knew these people wouldn't just take the money and let Isabella go. They were criminals, and criminals didn't play fair. She would die too, it was the way the streets worked. "We're not giving them the money, Capone," Black said, his

voice firm. "We're getting Isabella back our way. "Capone was furious. "Are you crazy nigga , it’s they money Black? They have Isabella! What's money compared to her life? ""They took her because of the money, Capone. Giving it back won't change anything. They'll still want to silence us. "Black laid out his plan. They would agree to meet the kidnappers on the old bridge that spanned the river on the outskirts of town. It was isolated, with limited access, perfect for their purposes. Black enlisted the help of two of their trusted friends, Marcus and Keyshawn, both experienced in situations that existed outside the law. They were thug gang members , both friends of blacks nephew Dice.Marcus was a master of disguise, able to blend into any crowd, while Keyshawn was a walking arsenal, knowing everything about weapons and the local gangs around the block, he was drive by artist and was feared by many . They were both fiercely loyal to Black and Capone, bound by years of friendship and shared experiences by Dice. The plan was simple, but dangerous. Black and Capone would arrive at the bridge with a bag supposedly filled with the money. Marcus, disguised as a homeless man, would be positioned at one end of the bridge, while Keyshawn, armed and hidden in the bushes, would cover the other. As soon as they had Isabella, Keyshawn and Marcus would move in, creating a crossfire that would eliminate the kidnappers. Capone was hesitant, but he trusted Black's judgment. He knew his brother was

ruthless when he needed to be, and he was ready to do whatever it took to get Isabella back. The night of the exchange was tense. A thick fog hung over the bridge, creating an eerie atmosphere. Black and Capone arrived in their tow truck, the bag of fake money in the passenger seat. “I’m nervous as shit, he said shaking before taking a sip of gin. They were met by three men in a black SUV. The leader, a tall, imposing figure with a scar across his face, stepped out breathing heavy smoke into the night air."Where's the money? " he growled."It's here," Black replied, his voice calm despite the adrenaline coursing through his veins. "Where's Isabella? "The leader nodded, and two men pulled Isabella from the SUV. She was unharmed but terrified, her eyes darting between Capone and the kidnappers."Let her go, and you get the money," Capone said, his voice shaking with rage.The exchange was made. Isabella ran towards Capone, and Black tossed the bag of money to the leader. As soon as Isabella was safe in Capone's arms, Black gave the signal.Keyshawn emerged from the bushes, firing a barrage of bullets at the SUV. Marcus, throwing off his disguise, joined the fray, taking down one of the kidnappers with a well-aimed shot. The leader, caught off guard, returned fire, hitting Marcus in the shoulder.A fierce gunfight erupted on the bridge. Bullets whizzed through the air, ricocheting off the metal railings. Black and Capone joined Keyshawn, using the tow truck as cover. Isabella huddled behind the truck, praying

for it to end.Despite being outnumbered, Black, Capone, Keyshawn, and the injured Marcus fought with a ferocity born of desperation. They were fighting for their lives, for their freedom, and for Isabella's safety.

“shit, are you ok, Capone said to black” “yeah I’m good I’m not hit he said breathing heavily. In the end, they were victorious. The leader and his remaining accomplice lay dead on the bridge. Keyshawn and Marcus were injured, but alive. Isabella was safe, though traumatized. “oh my god” she said before hugging Capone, her eyes full of crocodile tears.As the police sirens wailed in the distance, Black knew their lives would never be the same. They had crossed a line, and there was no turning back, they had taken the law into their own hands. They had the money, they had Isabella, but they also had a target on their backs. They were now fugitives, hunted by the law and the criminal underworld. They didn’t want anyone to know the truth about the money .But as he looked at his brother, his sister-in-law, and his loyal friends, Black knew they would face whatever came next together. They were bound by blood, loyalty, and a shared secret that would either make them or

break them. Their journey had just begun. They were now deadly brothers.

JAMILLAS SONG

“Shut the door this time!”Jamila screamed at her boyfriend Rex. “I did .”they had just had an argument about the rent. rex kept paying the rent late and she was tired of it. she didn’t like living on the edge or reality, she had just had a baby three years and still he hadn’t changed.

Friday morning Jamila went to the library to see if she could find a side gig. on Craig's list she saw an ad for exotic dancers. she was skeptical at first because her cousin Loki had disappeared into human trafficking after taking a swanky gig like that but she heard the money was good. it only took a couple of days to think about it she was impulsive and wild before she met him. Tuesday morning Jamila left her son with her grandmother and took the bus to the audition. there had to be at least 100 girls there all overdressed waiting in line to get a job at city pleasers . it was a hot spot in the city and a big money maker. rappers and athletes all came to spend money at city pleasers. it took four hours to get a chance to walk in the door and dance. nervous and drunk she came in and did a routine that she had rehearsed. the judge at time was a retired radio host name Stevie b. he took an interest in her. “what’s your name love” Jamila she said smiling nervously. “here’s by number i think I may have a spot for you in this place i like the way you move.” ‘over excited she stuffed the number in her purse and rushed home on the city bus high of her luck. at 6 pm she returned home and kept the new job offer a secret she had decided to tell him that she was a waitress at a private club. and that she had a confidential contract. months had passes and she decided to dance. weekly and made tons of money. her wardrobe hair and even confidence had improved. she was now that bitch. money a little fame across the city and she was now able to pay

the rent on time. her son had the latest gear and she was now on cloud nine. a problem also developed. Stevie b wanted to continue a private relationship with her. she spent many nights with him and would often return with bruises on her arms. she told her boyfriend the job was hard and that she was emptying the trash but she knew the truth. on the super 25th birthday bash she was asked to perform. that day Stevie b introduced her to the brother of a rapper named ray ray. oddly she was order to take a date with ray ray or she would lose her job. she took the date but she noticed ray ray was driving her to the middle of nowhere. when they came to a stop she was on the freeway of an unknown city. “what in the hell is all of this she said drunk” he didn’t say anything he just went in the trunk and put handcuffs on her . “what the fuck are you doing she said angrily.

Jamila stared out the car window, the city lights fading into a blur as Ray Ray drove further and further away from everything familiar. Ordered was a strong word, but it wasn't far from the truth. Her cousin, Marcus, thought he was doing her a favor, setting her up with Ray Ray, a "good guy" from his gym. Jamilla wasn't so sure. Ray

Ray was all muscles and forced smiles, and the conversation had been stilted from the moment he picked her up."So," Ray Ray said, breaking the silence, "Marcus tells me you're a writer. ""Trying to be," Jamilla replied, not wanting to delve into her failed novel and the stack of rejection letters gathering dust in her apartment."That's cool. I'm more of a hands-on kind of guy, you know? I like to build things. "Jamilla nodded, picturing Ray Ray lifting weights, not exactly building anything that interested her. The road grew darker, the houses thinning out until they were surrounded by nothing but trees and the occasional lonely streetlight."Where are we going? " she finally asked, a knot forming in her stomach."Got a surprise for you," Ray Ray said, a grin spreading across his face that didn't quite reach his eyes. "Thought we could use some fresh air, get away from the city. "The surprise turned out to be a deserted dirt road leading into the pitch-black woods. Ray Ray pulled the car to a stop, the engine sputtering as he turned it off. The silence was deafening, broken only by the chirping of crickets."Ray Ray, I don't like this," Jamilla said, her voice trembling slightly. "Can we please go back? "He chuckled, a low, unsettling sound. "Relax, Jamilla. Just wanted to show you something. "He got out of the car, and Jamilla instinctively locked her door. He rounded the hood, his smile gone, replaced by a look she couldn't quite decipher."Get out of the car," he said, his voice flat."No," Jamilla said, her heart pounding in her chest. "I want to go home. "He

yanked open the door, the suddenness of it making her jump. "I said, get out. ""Ray Ray, what's wrong with you? This isn't funny. "He reached for her, his grip surprisingly strong. Jamilla struggled, pushing him away, but he was too strong. She kicked and screamed, but they were in the middle of nowhere, and no one could hear her."Stop fighting me! " he yelled, his face red with anger."Let me go! " Jamilla screamed, managing to land a blow to his face.He stumbled back, momentarily stunned, giving Jamilla a chance to scramble out of the car. She ran, blindly, into the woods, the branches scratching at her face and arms. She could hear Ray Ray behind her, his heavy footsteps crashing through the undergrowth."You can't run forever! " he shouted.Jamilla didn't stop, her lungs burning, her legs aching. She tripped over a root, falling to the ground, and Ray Ray was on her in an instant. He pinned her down, his weight crushing her."I didn't want to do this," he said, his voice strained, "but you didn't give me a choice. "He pulled a rope from his pocket, and Jamilla's blood ran cold. She fought with renewed vigor, but it was no use. He tied her hands behind her back, the rope biting into her skin. He then tied her feet, leaving her completely helpless.Ray Ray dragged her back to the car, shoving her into the passenger seat. He didn't say a word as he drove, his face a mask of grim determination. Jamilla watched the passing trees, tears streaming down her face. She couldn't believe this was happening. How could

Marcus have set her up with someone like this? After what seemed like an eternity, they arrived at a motel. It was old and run-down, the paint peeling, the neon sign flickering intermittently. The kind of place you only saw in bad movies. Ray Ray parked in front of a room and cut the ropes binding her legs."Get out," he said, his voice devoid of emotion.Jamilla refused. She wasn't going anywhere with him willingly. He sighed, then reached over and unbuckled her seatbelt. He pulled her out of the car, practically dragging her to the motel room. He unlocked the door and pushed her inside.The room was even worse than she had imagined. The air was stale and musty, the furniture old and broken-down. There was a single bed, a small table, and a flickering lamp. Ray Ray tied her to the bedpost, the rope tight against her wrists."Why are you doing this? " Jamilla asked, her voice hoarse.He didn't answer, just stared at her with that same unreadable expression. He pulled out his phone and made a call."It's done," he said into the phone. "I've got her. "Jamilla's mind raced. Who was he talking to? What was going on? This was more than just a bad date gone wrong. This was something else, something sinister."I want to talk to Marcus," Jamilla said, her voice shaking. "Please, just let me talk to Marcus. "Ray Ray ignored her, ending the call and pocketing his phone. He turned to leave, pausing at the door."Don't try anything," he said. "It'll only make things worse. "And then he was gone, leaving

Jamila alone in the dingy motel room, tied to the bed, with no idea what was going to happen next. She tugged at the ropes, desperate to escape, but they were too tight. All she could do was wait, and pray that someone would find her before it was too late.

Moments later four girls walked into the room badly dressed they all looked like hookers. “who in the hell are Yawl she said genuinely confused. We got to give you make over one of the girls said in a reluctant tone. “for what” she asked. “bitch don’t act stupid, you are owned girl you not going back home, we here to break you in.” “owned my mother fuckin ass, she said reaching for her cell phone, and quickly noticed that it wasn’t there , ray ray had took It. ‘she began to panic, what would her boyfriend think if she came back days later smelling and looking funny. “there’s got to be a misunderstanding I’m a dancer and writer that’s all I don’t want to be here.” “that’s what we was too honey, let me break this to you, you are now a victim of human trafficking. ‘no you got me confused with some one else. I just came with this Hispanic guy from the club he knows me were just on a date. “damn you a dumb bitch one of the girls said from the

back, they not fenna let you go honey, just accept the rules and you wont get yours ass whopped. Jamila ran into the hotel room crying. She locked the door screaming shit, how did I get myself into this shit!

She had done many stupid things in life but this had been the worst of all of the fucked up shit that she had managed to do in her twenty something years of living. She began searching for the phone again. Apparently ray ray had taken it or she dropped it when he chased her through the woods. She began kicking the door screaming and crying. The other girls stood on the other side of the door bating her to come back out. “girl it aint that bad, you tripping” come out of the damn bathroom. “apparently ray grabbed a crazy bitch this time.” One of the girls said before lighting up a cigarette. Jamila could tell they were hookers she didn’t need an explanation as to what they were. She didn’t want to join them. She knew her fate was sealed but she just didn’t see it coming. “maybe I can talk to him about it, she said. “right maybe he thought I was somebody else.” She after eight hours in the bathroom she decided to come back out. The girls stood around smoking. “so you

done?” “yeah im done she said sadly. She walked over to the dingy bed and sat down. Her head hanged low. “anybody got a cigarette” one of the shorter girls offered her a Newport.

The next day all of the girls were asleep and the door slowly came open. A young thug looking guy walked in and closed the door behind him. Jamila immediately woke up. “who is that?” she said nudging to one of the other girls. “oh that’s spice, he is your pimp” “pimp? Who pimp” she said eyes full of tears, girl chill it aint, that bad we make money we just stay high that’s all” the girls name was Wanda, Wanda had been with spice since the age of 15, she was now forty years old. “wake up he said clicking on the lights” I got a job for the new chic? Those words sent shivers down her spine she cringed at the fact that he even mentioned her. “play along or you get your ass kicked, Wanda warned. She actually trusted Wanda a little she was a little nicer than the other girls. “ok she said angrily” she had a million words and couldn’t say anything, he looked violent. Jamila walked outside with spice , so I got some work for you I showed him your pic, dude is paying 600 for a couple of hours for you, treat him nice bring the money back home to papa.”

“she died inside, it was official they were being whored out and she was now a victim of human trafficking? What the fuck ? she thought to herself, apparently it was all as set up even the job at city pleasers. “ok just drop me off” she said still frantically searching in her mind for an escape. They both hopped in spices car, which smelled weed sex and a bunch of other things. Things were quiet for about an hour, she couldn’t help but to keep scanning her fingers through her purse and clinging to a shaving razor she had found in her hand bag, she wanted to strike but he looked like he really could fight, she couldn’t bring herself to do it. So finally they reached the destination and she felt like she failed. She reluctantly got out at a cold gas station as a old grotesque looking man waited for her in a parking lot. She slammed the door . “go on now, treat him good” spice demanded . “ I don’t want to have to whoop your ass” Jamila slowly walked up to the car spying the gas station attendant. Mid way to the mans vehicle she began running towards the gas station door as fast as she could. Spice immediately got out the car and began running towards her. She made it inside he burst in right behind her. She pulled out the razor. “stay back” she said eyes full of tears. “this man is trying to kidnap me she screamed” all of the people in the store began to turn and look. “man, she crazy, this my sister she like mental health, I got to take her back home. He grabbed her. But it was short lived. An Indian cashier then pulled out a large shot gun and pointed it right at his

head. “leave her alone” the man said in a thick accent. Confused that she had escaped he slowly backed up and darted out of the door back to the car never to be seen again. She cried and cried and thanked the store people. The following month she returned home, to her boyfriend and baby and never set foot in city pleasers again. Jamila finally learned sometimes things are not as bad as they seemed.

Tales from the block

I got lotto stacks

It was early in the morning. Carl jiggled the keys to shop. he owned his own store at the age of thirty he was a hustler at the least . a nigga was trying to get money in a place where everyone was broke. his girlfriend was loyal and had hustle. she was a real ride or die chick and a real business partner. the city was a mess and wannabe gangsters lined every corner. he had four brothers all of which were in prison. he didn't have many hobbies outside of weed and playing the fantasy five . a womanizer a drunk and greedy man, he was a popular dude around town. they all knew him a called him money g. he often gave to needy thugs and many woman around town, chose to keep his head clean at times and those times he stayed safe. safer than most in that neighborhood.

later on the that day he rested on the couch. his step son was asleep and it was pretty much quiet as usual besides usual crack head making their way up the street. the news came on. he pulled out his tickets and popped open a beer and inhaled the smell of porkchops coming from his girls cooking in the kitchen. the numbers rolled in

, 25, 37,62, 98, 41 for the 25 million dollar prize. he pulled out all of his tickets. all were a bust except the last one. he repeated the numbers over and over in his head and kept rereading he had one and he couldn’t accept it. he spit out his beer and just stared at the ticket and then screamed.

This was the craziest thing t that ever happened to him Carl Ramone Sims had just hit the lottery. “I won! He said rushing into the kitchen with his girl, Mina. “won what you kidding carl,” “no actually I'm not” he said flashing the ticket and the phone in Minas face at he same time. “she grabbed it from his hand you fucking kidding me” she said laughing loudly. She dropped what she what she was cooking and began to dance. The neighbors could here them screaming in the house. From the back of the house Minas sister Tish came from the back room from a deep sleep. “what the fuck are yawl screaming about.!” Mina showed her the ticket and she began to scream too. The following week was journey a thrill and a pleasure for the three roommates. Mina was now more interested in Carl than ever before. The bond grew thicker. Tish was often jealous of their bond but didn’t say much. She couldn’t

survive without her older sister mina due to a Rogue drug habit that had lasted for years. April fourth Carl had went downtown to claim the money that would be paid in installments for years. But this time he would get two four hundred thousand to start. The two girls waited patiently for carl to come home after going to claim the prize which consisted of a onetime payment of 2.4 million and then, 400 k a year for the rest of his life. The door opened. The suspense was killing them both, gold diggers at heart they had no shame in holding their hands out. The door flung open and carl walked in with six Gucci bags and three plates exploding with sea food. They knew he had picked up the money he didn't have to say anything. He smelled good and looked nice, they knew he had claimed the price. "oh shit" Mina said eyes shining come on in baby, let me see it." Carl pulled out three large stacks of cash from a small book bag and threw it at Mina and her sister Tish. The drama and the Games had surely begun.

In the month of October Minas grandmother had died and she decided to attend the funeral in new Orleans. She would be gone for two weeks. She left early one morning while carl was home

alone. Carl was sitting on the sofa as usual this time in a new house. He was using the lottery money wisely. He flipped though the channels while dosing off slowly but not totally. He heard movement in the back ground and turned to see Tish walking through the house to the kitchen naked. She casually grabbed a glass or milk and walked back to the room. He didn't want to turn to look but he did. It was the first time he had ever did that before. Late that night carl fell as sleep on the sofa. And suddenly he awoke the Tish on top of him having sex with him. "what in the hell" he said drunk. "what are you doing" too drunk to fight it off he just let it happen.

Two weeks later Mina returned. Sad about the passing of her grandmother she began to drink a lot. "she gone I guess honey" she said tiling her keys and staring out the window. "carl so what we gone do next?" she said eagerly her grandmother was gone but at least they still had the lottery money. "um that's a good one" I was thinking about maybe like a look a little grocery store and shit you know" expand the mart. " I think we can make a lot of money" 'im wit it" Mina was ghetto but liked to work. A hairdresser and hustler she support carl even with the

quickie mark hustle. She knew they sold drugs out the store and never ratted or snitched.

One day mina was in the bathroom after a long night out at the bar. Silently she walked downstairs quietly and walked in on Tish groping carl. “what the fuck is this shit” carl stood their speechless. “bitch you getting the fuck out of here.” “fuck you I will leave” Tish said angrily. She didn’t even ask why she knew Tish was a hoe and she did it for the money, but she couldn’t believe she did it to her after taking her off the streets from the homeless shelter. “you got a day to pack your shit” she screamed as Tish retreated to the back of the house. “carl what the fuck is wrong with you” “ I don’t know it kind of just happened I was drunk” that night they slept in separate rooms and it was over the next day Tish was gone.

A month later Mina was an atm near downtown trying to withdraw money . she noticed a man

coming from the distance but the time he got their it was too late. “give me the money bitch” the man said. He sounded young. She did so with little resistance. Angry and in tears she knew Tish had sent somebody to rob her. She now hated her own damn sister. She finally decide to go confront Tish. She found her on the steps of the transit station talking to an old has man. “bitch I know it was you” “what you talking about’ “the robber bitch” “fuck you she responded. They began to exchange hands fast and began to fight uncontrollably. The is was the end that neither of the girls wanted. “fuck is wrong with you, she said while Tish grabbed her shirt, sweaty and angry they noticed a crowed growing around them at the trains station. They fought all the way into the train station. Inside the terminal the trains roared as the two exchanged blows over carl and his money. They both began to grow tired but continued to fight like senseless wild animals . In a suddenly flash they two girls fell from the balcony breaking their bones on the way down to the pavement . The trains station staff gathered around as they two fast tempered women lay in their own blood. Later on in the hospital they made up however deciding carl was a joke and that money wasn’t everything. They moved into together and tossed his ass.

Tales from the block

Money drugs and a ring

It was late one evening after work when he got the call from his sister. She wanted Marcus to taker her son for the summer, tray was too much to bear for any mom . He was problem they all knew it and accepted it. He probably wouldn't even live to see 25 and they also accepted it. He had dropped out of school and she figured he needed to be around a real a real man for discipline to get him back on course.

Early one Saturday morning they arrive at the airport and he jumped into back seat with Marcuse's son Steve . they instantly didn't vibe well. he was a thug a dumb thug and mouthy at that. he dropped out of school because he wanted a new pair a shoes once a month and mother couldn't do it. without a dad he ran his mom crazy and she just needed a break. he was menace to the neighborhood and everyone wanted him gone. "what's up unc" tray said excited. "good to see you tray" Marcus said. As a

retired athlete and NCAA champion and NFL super-bowl champ he didn't mind taking tray in for discipline, a large man at six foot seven Marcuse was not afraid of a skinny short high school thug. He slowly turned the radio down. " I heard you giving your mom a hard time" "how" "you got to hear my side of the story unc" "he makes a ton of money but don't want to buy me anything" "I get bullied for having lame clothes and shoes" "really" Marcus said skeptical? "yeah man" "they torch niggas with lame gear in that neighborhood man" Marcus listened but he knew tray was a manipulator and a flat out criminal for a teenager. A genetic thug he was, and they knew he needed to be tamed.

Trays arrival

Tray's life took an unexpected turn when his mom, tired of his constant mischief, decided to send him to his Uncle Marcus. Uncle Marcus wasn't just any uncle; he was Marcus "The Mauler" Malone, a famous NFL linebacker known for his bone-crushing tackles and larger-than-life personality. Tray needed discipline, and his mom figured a summer with his no-nonsense uncle might do the trick. The Malone mansion was everything Tray imagined and more. A sprawling estate with a pool, a basketball court, and a garage filled with expensive cars. It was a far cry from their small apartment in the city. His cousin, Steve, greeted him with a hesitant smile. Steve was the opposite of Tray - quiet, studious, and more interested in books than sports. He didn't want him there and he couldn't hide it. The first few days were awkward. Tray, used to being the center of attention, found himself overshadowed by his uncle's fame. Marcus, despite his intimidating presence, tried to make Tray feel welcome. But Tray, fueled by teenage rebellion, wasn't interested in playing nice. He often ate too much. Talked too loud on the phone and brought strange hood chicks in the house.Soon, old habits resurfaced. Tray started bullying Steve, teasing him about his nerdy interests and weak physique. He'd hide Steve's books, mess with his science projects, and generally make his life

miserable. Marcus, caught between his nephew and his son, tried to mediate, but Tray's defiance only grew stronger.One sweltering afternoon, bored and restless the seventeen year old thug , Tray decided to explore the neighborhood. He wandered past manicured lawns and imposing gates until he reached a part of town that felt different - edgier, with graffiti-covered walls and dimly lit streets.He noticed a man leaning against a beat-up car, talking on a cell phone. The man's eyes darted around nervously, and he kept glancing at a nearby alleyway. Something about him piqued Tray's curiosity. He looked like he was up to no good. He looked and smelled like hood shit and that's what trey was used too.Driven by a mix of boredom and a thirst for excitement, Tray decided to follow him. The man walked quickly, disappearing into the alleyway. Tray hesitated for a moment, then plunged into the darkness.The alley opened into a hidden courtyard, where a group of men stood smoking and talking in hushed voices. The man Tray had followed approached a heavy steel door, knocked twice, and was quickly ushered inside. There were a lot of people crammed into a small area and smell the dense weed smoke coming from the door.Tray crept closer, peering through a crack in the door. The scene inside was a chaotic mix of smoke, sweat, and testosterone. A makeshift boxing ring had been set up in the center of the room, surrounded by cheering spectators. Two men, stripped to the waist and covered in tattoos, were locked in a brutal

fight. A raw street fight was taking place in the darkness of an abandoned building .The air was thick with the smell of sweat and anticipation. Money exchanged hands as bets were placed on the outcome of the fight. Tray realized he had stumbled upon an illegal fighting club.He watched, mesmerized, as the fight intensified. Blows rained down, and the crowd roared with each punch. Tray had never seen anything like it. It was raw, violent, and strangely exhilarating.As the fight reached its climax, one of the fighters landed a devastating blow, sending his opponent crashing to the canvas. Perceptive, she could tell they were regular guys from the hood who had been paid to fight, they didn't look like real fighters. They looked like hood niggas who needed a check. The crowd erupted, and money flowed freely. Tray felt a surge of adrenaline. He wanted to be a part of it.Just then, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to see a large, imposing man with a shaved head and a menacing glare. "You lost, kid? " the man growled.Tray's heart pounded in his chest. He stammered, "I. . . I was just curious. "The man's eyes narrowed. "Curiosity can get you into trouble around here. You got money to bet, or you just here to gawk? "Tray shook his head, suddenly realizing the danger he was in. He tried to back away, but the man's grip tightened on his shoulder."Maybe you can be useful to us," the man said, a sinister smile spreading across his face. "We're always looking for new talent. "

“nall I'm good just looking, he said but deep down he wanted to be a part of this shit somehow, they had it all women weed money and fighting. Trey knew how to fight and did so often, he had hands and wasn’t afraid to use them. Before Tray could react, the man dragged him inside the fighting club. The noise and chaos washed over him as he was pulled deeper into the crowd. He saw the drug dealer he followed talking to another guy and giving him money. He realized he made a terrible mistake following this man. “yo im good man I told you im good I was just looking.Panic set in as he realized the gravity of the situation. He was trapped in a dangerous world, far from the safety of his uncle's mansion. He knew he had to find a way out, but he was surrounded by hardened criminals who wouldn't hesitate to use him.Just then, his eyes met those of one of the fighters who was recently knocked out. The fighter locked eyes with him and signaled that he would help him escape. He nodded his head in agreement, with the fighter he stood up and pretended he was going to the washroom and told the man holding Tray that he would take care of him. The man let go of Tray and the fighter acted as if he was escorting him to the bathroom. As they got closer to the back

exit, the fighter knocked out the security guard, pushed open the door, and told him to run as far as he could and never come back.As Tray ran as fast as he could, he knew he needed to change his ways and start being a better person. His adventure had only just begun.

A first fight

Trey continued to return to the fight club weekly, he even took Steve multiple times. He kept the secret as they began to get along better over time.

Trey was introduced to a man named "Hammer," a retired fighter who ran the club. Hammer was a mountain of a man, his face scarred and his eyes hard he was a drug dealer and notorious gangster in the city and had a bad reputation. He sized Trey up with a critical gaze. "You got any fight in you, kid? " he growled. Trey, fueled by a mix of bravado and desperation, puffed out his chest. "I can learn," he said. Hammer saw something in Trey, a raw potential that could be molded. He agreed to train him, and Trey threw himself into the training with a newfound focus. Hammer taught him how to punch, how to block, how to move. He pushed Trey to his limits, both physically and mentally. Trey discovered a strength he never knew he had, a resilience that surprised even himself. Weeks turned into months, and Trey transformed. He was leaner, stronger, and more confident he had more tattoos and even before . He had met a girl

name Lola red that had become his main squeeze at the fight promotion. He learned to control his anger and channel it into his fighting. Hammer saw his progress and decided it was time for Trey to test his skills.His first fight was against a local tough guy named "Spike the killer. " The crowd was raucous, the atmosphere electric. Trey felt a surge of adrenaline as he stepped into the ring. Spike was bigger than him, but Trey was faster, more agile. He remembered everything Hammer had taught him and fought with a ferocity that surprised everyone, including himself. He was a mix of street fighter and boxer he didn't take well to the tai Kwan do aspect. They were both light weights even though spike was taller. "I got this shit, im that dude" he told himself in his head, I got this shit.The fight was brutal, a back-and-forth exchange of blows. Mostly ghetto punching and body slams. Lola red was intoxicated with him and could not get enough. Trey took a beating, but he kept getting back up. He landed a lucky punch that staggered Spike, and then another, and another. Spike went down, and the crowd erupted. Trey had won his first fight.Rex handed Trey a wad of cash, two thousand dollars, his winnings. Trey had never held so much money in his life. He felt a rush of power, a sense of accomplishment. He had earned this, he had fought for it.That night, Trey celebrated with Rex. They went to a party, where Trey was introduced to a different kind of escape. Drugs. He had always stayed away from them before, but tonight, he felt invincible. He

wanted to prolong the high, to numb the pain, to forget about the expectations of his uncle.He started with a small line of cocaine, then another, and another. The world seemed brighter, the music louder, the people more interesting. He danced, he laughed, he lost himself in the moment. He felt like he was finally in control of his life.But the high didn't last. As the night wore on, Trey started to feel paranoid, anxious. He couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong. He looked around at the faces of the people he was with, and they seemed alien, dangerous. He realized he was in over his head.He stumbled out of the party, his head spinning, his stomach churning. He felt sick, both physically and emotionally. He knew he had made a mistake, a big one. He had crossed a line, and there was no going back.As he walked home, the weight of his actions settled upon him. He thought about his Uncle Marcus, about the disappointment he would feel. He thought about his mom, about the hope she had placed in him. He had let them both down.Trey knew he needed to make a change, but he didn't know where to start. He was lost, caught in a web of his own making. The thrill of the fight and the allure of easy money had led him down a dangerous path, and he didn't know how to find his way back.